THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

THE PRISONER TO THE WILD BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Suggested by Hemans' Beautiful, "Le Trouvère Captive.")

Bound my narrow window singing,
Many dewy summer morning,
Fly, fear, or love, or vanish
Wouldst thou whisper me.
Softly, softly, sweetly singing,
Wild bird, lone and free?

Near a ruined fane we clinging?
Of a faithless maid complaining?
Fly young bird, vainly vaunting,
Wouldst thou weep with me.
Softly, softly, sweetly singing,
Wild bird, lone and free?

Through wild air thy note shall ringing,
Thou from sun and earth must borrow
Some children of the carrier,
Blest with liberty!
Softly, softly, sweetly singing,
Wild bird, lone and free!

But my vain cries echo, ringing
Through a dungeon's vault, confining,
Crushing me,—forgotten! pining!
Friendless!—but for thee,
Softly, softly, sweetly singing,
Wild bird, lone and free.

Happy then, thy flight soon winging
Southwards, over ocean steering!
Now the winter months are nearing,
Who will solace me,
Softly, softly, sweetly singing,
Wild bird, lone and free?

Shouldst thou come, when buds are springing,

Seeking me,—but finding only
'Neath this wall, a black cross lonely,
Resting peacefully—
Nestle there, thy soft lynn singing,
Wild bird, lone and free!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mr. Ebenezer Cotton, of Dursley Court, was as much a man of business in his domestic as in his manufacturing affairs. His mansion was kept up and conducted with the greatest regularity and order; every servant had his allotted duty to perform in a specific department, and in no other. Any irregularity in the performance of his functions was followed by a prompt discharge from Mr. Cotton's service. The gardens, grounds, parks, preserves, farms, were all conducted on the same plan. The most able men, on liberal salaries, were employed as superintendents, and the result was that Dursley Court was a model of order and beauty. Its gardens produced the finest flowers and fruits in the country, its preserves the largest stock of game, its farms the finest and largest crops, for every agricultural improvement which science could bring to the culture of land or the raising of crops Mr. Cotton availed himself of, satisfied that the first outlay, promptly made, saved a world of expenditure, and quickly repaid itself.

Mr. Ebenezer Cotton had selected his wife, not because she by chance happened to be a pretty girl, but because he saw that she was quick, active, intelligent, shrewd, and a good manager. And now he proposed to effect the marriage of his eldest daughter, not with a view to the fulfillment of her woman's mission, that she should marry and be happy with her lord, but that she should marry a real live lord, become a lady, and the mother of many little lords and ladies.

He had a latent notion of obtaining a patent of nobility for himself, but about this he was not so urgent, as his wife had not blessed him with a son. He was, however, anxious that his daughters should become ladies of title and carry the Cottonian blood through noble channels, until, perhaps, as in cases on record, this purple stream mingled with the fluid in Regal or Imperial veins.

He was too shrewd a man of business not to know that his object could not be accomplished by half-measures, and that he should have to bid high to realize it. No sooner had he formed the notion than he cast about for the opportunity of an introduction to some needy noble who would give his name and rank to any young female for a handsome consideration. He was quickly spared a lengthened search by the sudden courtesies offered him by the proud Lord Kingswood of Kingswood. Many men in Ebenezer Cotton's position would have shrunk from attempting even to propose such an alliance to a man of Lord Kingswood's haughty character, himself wealthy, and presumed to be excessively proud of his ancient descent. But Mr. Cotton was a man of much experience, as well as of a nature not easily rebuffed. He was neither thin-skinned nor over-sensitive of insult. He had found, in the course of his business experience, that man without price were extremely rare, and so he decided on trying Lord Kingswood, and ingeniously contrived to lay his purpose with a bait so golden that the proud noble would find it a difficult matter to permit pride to be alone the insuperable objection he might offer to such an alliance with his House.

EBENEZER COTTON MAKING AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It appeared that Ebenezer Cotton caught Lord Kingswood at a moment when he was eaten up with mortification, humiliation, and despair, and to his surprise, but more to his delight, he found his proposition entertained without any of the opposition he had anticipated. After his interview with Lord Kingswood he hurried back to Dursley Court and held a *tete-a-tete* with his wife, who listened to him with open mouth and extended eyes, but without reply. Accustomed to have his own way, he did not observe her amazement, nor that she did not exhibit the same amount of delight which he felt and could not conceal.

Having communicated all that he thought necessary to his wife, he sought his eldest daughter, and found her in company with her sister, deep in confidential conversation over matters of not the slightest moment—interesting, perhaps, to themselves, but of importance to nobody.

As a business man, Ebenezer Cotton hated circumlocution, and he never employed it under any circumstances. He therefore informed his eldest daughter of his intentions with respect to the disposal of her hand and the step he had taken. He bade her be prepared to meet the Honorable Mr. Cyril Kingswood at any moment, and to treat and to regard him as her accepted suitor—in fact, her affianced husband.

"You will have time to look about you, Nell," he said, "for the Kingswoods are off to London, whither we shall follow directly. I shall take you both to some grand parties when we get there, all among lords and ladies, I can tell you. I shall give a fine party or two myself, and shall invite lots of great folks, because I mean to look out a young lord for your sister Henrietta there. Your mother will tell you what will be the proper thing to do. I think I've done pretty well, you jade, to tell you that you will shortly be the Honorable Mrs. Cyril Kingswood, and after that, Lady Kingswood. Think of that, Nell—my Lady Kingswood, of Kingswood."

As he uttered these words, he waved his hand with quite an air, and stalked out of the room with a pompous swing and strut.

The two sisters, as soon as he had gone, looked at each other with a strange, startled aspect, and both burst into a fit of laughter.

Then the eldest flung her arms about her sister's neck, and gave way to a sudden passion of tears, and very vehemently ejaculated,

"Oh, Nelly! Nelly!"

And almost at the same moment she tore herself from her sister's embrace, and, rushing out of the apartment, sought her own chamber, into which she locked herself, leaving her sister alone, full of amusement and marvel.

Mr. Ebenezer Cotton suffered no weeds to choke up his time. After he communicated his views to his wife and daughter, he wrote and instructed his London agent to look out for a furnished house for him, somewhere in the immediate vicinity of Lord Kingswood's town mansion; and the town agent, being a business man, set about his task immediately upon receiving his instructions.

A gentleman's residence, handsomely furnished, situate within a hundred yards of Lord Kingswood's, was just then empty, and in the hands of the town-agent to whom Mr. Cotton's man of business applied. The lordly owner had a magnificent villa, situated on one of the beautiful natural terraces overhanging Lake Como, and he had retired to it with the intention of spending a few years there and at Rome. He therefore let his London residence for that term, and for a sum which, at Italy, would be considered a respectable income. Mr. Cotton's agent secured it, and within three days after the arrival of the Kingswoods in London, the Cottons were installed in their new abode. Mr. Cotton returned his income to the not-easily satisfied Income-tax assessor at one hundred thousand pounds per annum, being less than his annual profits on his business: he could, therefore, afford, for a time at least, to live in high style.

He at once made many additions to the already gorgeously-furnished house. He hired a complete retinue of servants, and dressed them in unexceptionable liveries. He was already in possession of a stud of valuable horses, which he caused to be brought to London, and he purchased several new carriages of various kinds, which, as money was no object, were acknowledged to be as handsome as any that had ever been turned out.

In this new household the same business regulations were enforced as at Dursley Court, and the result was a model mansion of gorgeous magnificence, cleanliness, order and decorum.

Mr. Cotton gave dinner-parties, and Mrs. Cotton receptions. At these meetings noblemen, members of Parliament, celebrities, and wealthy commoners were invited, and came. Who refuses the invite of a man with a hundred thousand a year?

Ebenezer Cotton was honored with the presence of peers, baronets, bishops, the bar, and a host of those twiddlem-twaddlums, who, with bastard reputations for abilities they do not possess, are pitchforked into good places and good society, about which they flutter, dawdle, and fawn, and toady, the very hollowest of impostors. Ebenezer Cotton regarded them as enormous humbugs, but tolerated their presence because they were received at other places, and because, perhaps, that he had heard some senile dowagers speak of them as "good creatures," which in his true belief they were not.

Ebenezer Cotton devised these parties and receptions purposely that he might dazzle the eyes of Lord Kingswood with their splendor; and, if his pride had any latent misgivings respecting the match, to sweep them, by these means, away.

At most of them Lord and Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud, and Cyril were present. Not one of them, however, appeared to take much interest in the scene presented to their eyes or the individuals presented to them. Lord Kingswood, even when engaged in some subtle political controversy with an active dogmatic member of the House, turned his restless eyes uneasily and constantly to various portions of the suite of chambers thrown open to the guests.

Lady Kingswood, pale and haggard beyond the power of an elaborate make-up to conceal, was dejected and languid when alone with Lady Maud or Cyril, and moved her queenly, though, as if in search of some one. She was yet more perturbed and agitated when she found the calm, silent, exceedingly handsome Marquis of Chillingham at her side, and even when engaged in conversation by some one of the many who sought the honor of her hand, her own husband being not specially excepted.

Lady Maud appeared pale, dull, and spiritless, and Cyril even yet more listless and inanimate. He had received his orders to pay Miss Eleanor Cotton that particular attention which heralds an engagement; and he obeyed, but in a very Hibernian kind of way. Miss Cotton received his attentions with that enchanting embarrassment which is expected from a young lady in her peculiar position. She started when he spoke to her: she turned a crimson, and then a deathly white; she said "no" when she ought to have said "yes," and "yes" when "no" would have been the proper answer. In fact, she behaved herself in that way which the twiddlem-twaddlums of society style "delightfully proper."

Poor girl! Her thoughts at those times were not turned on what was "the proper thing to do." She was, unfortunately for herself, rather too natural.

Mr. Cotton, however, carried his point. Lord Kingswood was surprised by what he beheld, and though he might have sought and obtained a higher alliance for Cyril, he, for certain private but present and urgent reasons, was anxious to get Cyril married as soon as he could. Ebenezer Cotton's offer, if the rather unpleasant nearness of his origin had been less objectionable, was one to which he could not, under ordinary circumstances, have taken exception; but now, with the memory of his son's unspoken reply to the agonized question he had addressed him beneath the window of the hunting-lodge in Kingswood Chase blistering on his brain—all the considerations pride would have suggested were banished, and he was as eager for the match to become *un fait accompli* as Ebenezer Cotton.

One interview had, subsequent to the meeting in the Chace, and after their arrival in London, taken place between the father and the son. Cyril listened only to what fell from his father's lips. He did not reply; he was not requested nor wished to give one; he heard all in silence, and, with set teeth, contracted brows, and a heart setting down in his breast as if it was a cold block of lead, he quitted his father's study, and sought the silence and solitude of his own.

Lord Kingswood had made a singular, strange, wild, improbable communication to him, but he had delivered it with so much earnestness and vehemence, with such evident faith in its truth, that he was staggered when he brought to bear upon it that kind of reasoning usually called common sense.

Certainly, when he came to remember the circumstances attendant upon his acquaintance with Violet and those which surrounded her, her very presence and existence in such a wild, lone locality as that where they were wont to meet and wander together, he could not repress a strange, crawling thrill creeping over him.

Again he flung away with impetuous scorn the notion that she was—could be other than she appeared—so sweet, gentle, loving, tender, and innocent. So pure in thought, so guileless in action, so enchantingly fascinating, without an effort, without seeming to know the irresistible influence she had cast around him, how could she be a spirit of evil—a thing whose form was forbidden only for the purposes of deception?

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CHAPTER XXX.

The Marquis of Chillingham, on the day named by Pharisee, gave a grand dinner party. It was delivered in the evening by a footman reception.

All the names, beauty, and wealth of London—one might almost say of the kingdom—were present. The proud, haughty, aristocratic peer; the purse-proud millionaire, the lion in power, and men out of it; the high dignitaries of the Church; the magnates of the Bench; the stars of the Bar; patrons and the patronized, were all commingled in a confused, flowing stream. The finest women in creation were mixed up with the plainest; the genteel with the dowdy; the slim and elegant with the fat and corpulent. Men ornamented rare taste, elegance, and finery in the dress; and the ladies in their attire—Heaven save the mark! we will not even suggest that the vanities of life were pared to get their magnificence. Everything that is dazzled or excited eye could rest upon was gay, sparkling, and brilliant. Among the glittering throng, flushed faces, wrinkled brows, anxious countenances, and dejected expressions of baffled and unhappy pretend ambition were few and far between. Pride, vanity, envy, jealousy, hatred, aversion, and all the hateful passions there, were, as they ever are in such assemblages, seething, boiling, eddying, and flowing beneath the assumed surface of courtesy or very polite delight. Alas for poor human nature, how its infirmities—ignoble and unworthy—mix up and overshadow the generous and the good.

The dinner had been attended by a very select party. Lord Kingswood had that day gained the prize he had some years been striving for—a post in the Ministry. The sudden death of one of the members of the Government created a vacancy which the Marquis of Chillingham had sufficient influence to obtain the appointment of Lord Kingswood to fill. A seat in the Cabinet was attached to it, and rendered the appointment therefore an important one. At the dinner special congratulations were offered to his lordship by the many high and distinguished men who were present, and he could not help glancing with pride and triumph at Lady Kingswood, who sat on the right hand of the Marquis of Chillingham, as the flattering and complimentary expressions were poured upon him from all quarters.

In every lap there is some bitterness; the happiest mirth is usually followed by a sigh. There is pain attended on exultions of pride, and how rare are the hours of triumph unaccompanied by alloy!

Lord Kingswood felt a cold chilening of the heart as he beheld the resentful, contemptuous glance with which his wife responded to his look of elation. It was such a glance as she had never bent on him before. It was not an expression of ill temper or wrath for some fancied slight; it was not the callousness of vexation, created by some trivial and unexplainable matter of offence—but it was a glance of virulent scorn. The flashing of her eye, the curl of her proud lip, the bitterly contemptuous cast of her features were beyond misinterpretation to one who knew how to read them so well.

He was both startled and shocked. Hitherto her anger and her ill humor had arisen from, in most instances, unfounded jealousies. They had gone to a certain extent, and then ceased, to be again renewed upon some equally frivolous cause or hasty and unjust surmise. The clouded brow had been overshadowed but for a moment or so, and then had been restored to its wonted serenity. Under any circumstances her rage had never degenerated into scorn; and now he beheld in her expressive features a settled contempt and scorning which, on his discovery, almost paralyzed him.

This was not all. He had never been jealous of his wife—under all aspects of the case he had believed his honor unassailable. The small flirtations of Lady Kingswood, indulged in, as he believed, merely to vex him, and to punish him for some slightly pointed attention to some lively, coquettish young beauty, he had passed unheeded. He understood their inspiration, and he smiled at them in pity rather than in anger. Now, however, he observed that while she darted at him a glance of withering disdain, she was unusually complaisant, smiling, tenderly agreeable to the Marquis of Chillingham, who, inquisitive and uncomprehensible himself, did not evidently object to the encouragement of Lady Kingswood. In a moment all pride, all triumph faded from his mind; his rankling heart contracted until it ached with a sharp, cruel agony. He no longer heard the flattering valedictions of one or two of his new colleagues in power, nor did his own spontaneous vanity in anticipations of distinction and worldly pride remove. He could think of nothing but the heartless conformity of Lady Kingswood, or nothing but what his jaundiced eye viewed as her shameless behavior to the Marquis of Chillingham.

The dinner and dessert seemed to him interminable, but it ended to his intense relief, and the ceremonial politeness for a short time set over their wine and dessert polished. Lord Kingswood, expected on such an occasion to give an insight into his political views, remained silent, clothed with emotion such as he had never before experienced. It was not that there were certain great questions on which he was expected to answer, but he positively nothing, and even a commonplace remark.

It was at this time, and while the conversation was at its height, that Lord Kingswood felt his hand pressed by the Marquis of Chillingham, and return the pressure. It was a fatal, unfortunate act.

His first intention, when the ladies retired from the table, was to quit the mansion of the Marquis of Chillingham, and return home without appearing at the evening reception, but the whisperings of jealousy urged him to remain and to watch his wife. He resolved if that he observed her overstep by an look the decorum due to her own fame and her honor, he would interfere in a manner as not so prompt and decided as to offend by public exposure, but sufficient for the future.

The reception commenced, and throngs of the noble, the elegant, the distinguished, and the fashionable poured on each other's heels in succession. One of the military bands was placed in the antechamber and magnificent music, and several of the first dancers of the day were engaged to execute the quadrilles.

Lord Kingswood watched the scene about and in a stationed, isolated manner. He knew that Lady Kingswood would return to the ballroom, and he hoped to catch her in the act departed from the Marquis of Chillingham's, in order that in their side home he might obtain from her some reason for her extraordinary conduct.

To his mortification, he discovered that she had already quitted, and that her own carriage not being up, she had accepted the use of one belonging to the Marquis, which happened to be at hand. He was detained some time before he could obtain his own carriage, and when he did reach his residence, and sent word to Lady Kingswood that he wished to exchange a few words with her, he received for a reply, that she was engaged at her toilet, and could not then give him an interview.

Bitterly as he was enraged, he suffered no observation to escape his lips, and proceeded to make some changes in his attire. He then discovered that Pharisee was absent. None of the servants, on inquiry, could inform him whither he was gone, or when he would be likely to return. His lordship, therefore, perforce had to attend to himself, as he would not permit any other attendant than Pharisee to approach his person. Unable to decide what change to make, he strewed his dressing-room with garments, flung passionately here and there, and resolved to await the return of Pharisee.

He flung himself forcibly and restlessly upon a couch, and for the thousandth time reviewed the singular and disturbing behaviour of Lady Kingswood. Unable to bear the pressure of contending thoughts and wild speculations, each more horrible and affright-ing that the other, he hurried to his study to pen a few lines to his wife. A few stern words of counsel, and some menacing expressions of warning, he believed would have greater effect than if he were to have an interview, which might result in bitter recriminations. He sat himself down to pen them, but found it much easier to originate the conception than to realise it.

Twenty notes were written and torn up. Some were too fierce and wrathful, others too feeble, a few were too indefinite, and others were calculated to draw retaliation upon himself.

All the time he was writing, the face of Eric Gower—his boy—the son of *her*—floated before his vision, pale, stern, thoughtful, as he had last, and most unexpectedly, seen it in the past, side by side with that of him he now most hated and most feared in the world. And this boy's face presented itself to him as Lady Kingswood's reply to every angry remonstrance he might attempt to address to her.

He flung down his pen distractedly, and returned to his dressing-room. Pharisee had not returned, and he was compelled to make his own toilet as best he could, and with care, too, for he shrank from anything which might betray, especially on that night, the disordered state of his mind.

When dressed, he rang for his carriage, and was informed that it awaited him.

"Did Lady Kingswood's maid acquaint her ladyship that I await her," he said, in his accustomed cold, haughty tones.

"Her ladyship ordered the Marquis of Chillingham's coachman to await her, and her ladyship has already departed in the lord Marquis's carriage," replied the footman, with a bow.

Lord Kingswood felt his heart sink within him. His upper lip quivered visibly, but not a word, not a sound escaped him—he only waved his hand for his servant to precede him, entered his carriage, and was driven at a dashing pace to the Marquis of Chillingham's.

On entering the room, his son Cyril, who had arrived with Lady Maud, came up to him, and affectionately congratulated him upon his appointment to a high and honorable post in the Government.

Lord Kingswood only said in a hoarse voice,

"Where is Lady Kingswood?"

"I have not seen her ladyship," replied Cyril; "but she has arrived, and in consequence perhaps, the Carlton Stanhope has just told me that he spoke to her."

Lord Kingswood did not reply, but turned his head in the direction. Cyril indicated; and there, leaning on the arm of her father, and dressed with consummate taste and care, passed him. Her deep, dark eye flashed almost with scorn as it fell upon Baron Cotton, and her lip slightly curled as she bowed in recognition as she passed.

He observed her glance at Eleanor, and the momentary expression of her lip as she turned her face to him. It contained a momentary feeling of resentment which his heart, because he felt that the attack was levelled for his connection rather than himself, and he redoubled his attention to the personal comforts of the unconscious prince.

It was just at this moment that the military band commenced with great effect a march with martial time, and to which the guests proceeded, falling into more regular order as the music was gradually observed. The leading movement on the ballroom floor of a very handsome kind, and the effect was to allow all the performers to fall into a train, leaving a space in the centre of the room which extended nearly the entire length.

The strains of the music suddenly changed into a softer measure, and throngs glided into a rapid and plaintive melody.

At this moment a stranger, well built man of the room, and the heads of the performers were abruptly turned in one direction.

Down the centre of the apartment advanced with *slow steps*, yet in harmony with the time of the air played by the band, a youth and a maiden.

The maiden was fair even to the snowy hue of marble, and her features were of rare and singular beauty. Her large, dark, lustrous, yet melancholy eyes she once or twice upraised to gaze upon the strange throng of wondering faces, or at the costly and superb decorations of the princely hall, and then her long, dark, fringed lashes hid them from observation. Upon her head she wore a crown of flowers—composed alone of a twined wreath of the Virgin's bower. Each star-like blossom held in its centre a large, glittering diamond, which gave a fairy-like aspect to the head-dress, the weird effect of which was heightened by the smooth glossiness and hue of her rich, deep, dark-brown tresses which fell gracefully down her neck, where, by the sculptor's art, they were elegantly confined. Her dress, plain and flowing, was of the very choicest material, and in color a singularly delicate pale green, yet partaking somewhat of the first verdant leaf of spring. A circlet of diamonds was about her neck. A single diamond of extraordinary size and lustre clasped her zone, and her small wrists were adorned with the same kind of precious gems, throwing out corruscations of light of many dyes, rose-bloom, amethyst, purple and crimson.

The youth at her side, dressed with finished elegance, pale as herself, but haughty and stately in his bearing, held her soft, gloved fingers in his own, and paced with her down the hall.

Following them was a tall, elderly, pale-faced man, with a stern expression upon his features, but with a noble and distinguished air.

It was strange, that among this body of personages not renowned for reserve in uttering remarks *sotto voce*, not one gave way to a rude exclamation as they passed. An involuntary silence took possession of them, and an equally voluntary, in fact, enforced respect. It was only when they were past that they seemed to breathe freely, and in wondering whispers inquired who were this singularly handsome pair.

At the end, of the *salon* stood the Marquis of Chillingham alone.

Near to him was Lady Kingswood, in an excited state of high-flown spirits, and within reach of her words Lord Kingswood, whose button was held by Sir Harris Bunthope.

The daughter of the latter still remained by her father's side, although her attention seemed to be fixed on Cyril Kingswood. An angry expression was upon her features as though she was vexed that he should devote himself to a petty nonentity like Eleanor Cotton.

Quite close to the group was Carlton Stanhope, deeply engaged in endeavoring to make himself especially agreeable to Lady Maud St. Clair, whom he had suddenly assured himself was really a very exquisite creature.

The low, strange murmur that sounded through the room like the warning moan of a rising wind, caught the ears of many of the haughty personages in the immediate vicinity, and caused them to stretch their necks and strain their eyes in the direction whence the singular and unusual tone proceeded.

Lord Kingswood, taking advantage of his wife's being left suddenly alone, joined her. At the same moment Lady Maud moved archly to Lady Kingswood's side, and with trembling finger pointed towards the part of the salon to which the eyes of nearly all present were directed.

Cyril, as compelled by his purpose of preserving Eleanor, observing the cold and contemptuous glances of Beatrice Stanhope, neither heard the murmuring sound nor observed the quiet commotion going on. He only paid his respects to Lady Kingswood, and withdrew, for he felt that the presence of his father and mother, and the sight of the pale face turned towards him; the deep, earnest, and open look upon him, into which came a sudden expression of acute anguish, cry they were turned from him.

But Eleanor continued, as she caught his wrist—

"Mr. Kingswood, pray look; what a lovely creature! She is quite like a fairy queen, I declare."

He turned his head, and a cry of wonder escaped his lips.

He hurried after the wondrous creature, and would have taken her hand, but he was pulled sharply and firmly back, and a bold, low voice murmured in his ear—

"Have you forgotten the hunting-lodge in the depths of the wild Chase—the doom of your race, boy?"

It was Lord Kingswood, who, with blanched face, spoke.

But Violet, for it was she, turned to Cyril, and involuntarily stretched her hands to him, as if she imagined him but for one word.

At the same instant Beatrice Stanhope ejaculated—

"How unearthly!"

Staggered by the passionately earnest remarks of his father, and the observation of Beatrice, Cyril stood motionless, as if paralyzed.

Lord Kingswood, about to repeat in yet stronger terms his prohibition to Cyril not to speak to Violet, found himself clutched by Lady Kingswood with a nervous grip.

She pointed to Eric Gower, and said, in an under tone, but with intense and agonized emotion—

"Kingswood, if you would not bring down upon yourself retribution and madness—if you would not drag down upon both here ruin, misery, destruction, and eternal perdition hereafter—tell me by your immortal soul—who is the father of that boy?"

"Eh—Jove!" abruptly exclaimed, ere Lord Kingswood could, even if he would, have uttered a word. "Why, a—Kingswood; here is your FAMILY SECRET!"

His cold lordship said this professedly in an under tone, but it was not so subdued but that, as designed, it caught the quick ear of the agonized Lady Kingswood.

While the words, however, were yet on his lips, the calm, passionless lord was suddenly betrayed into a display of extraordinary emotion, and he cried, in quivering tones, extending with animated action both hands—

"Good God! Horace Vernon! Have you sprung from eternity?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUDICROUS MISTAKE IN A TRANSLATION.—Miss Cooper, daughter of the novelist, in a late work entitled "Pages and Pictures," gives an amusing account of the blunder of the translator who first rendered her father's novel, "The Spy," into the French language. Readers of the book will remember that the residence of the Wharton family was called "The Locusts." The translator referred to his dictionary, and found the rendering of the word to be "*Les Sauterelles*," "The Grasshoppers." But when he found one of the dragoons represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn, it would appear as if he might have been at fault. Nothing daunted, however, but taking it for granted that American grasshoppers must be of gigantic dimensions, he gravely informs his readers that the dragoon secured his charger by fastening the bridle to one of the grasshoppers before the door—apparently standing there for that purpose!

ANECDOTE OF WILBERFORCE.—A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation, looking for a despatch which he had mislaid—one of the royal family was waiting for it—he had delayed the search till the last moment—he seemed at last quite vexed and hurried. At this unlucky instant, a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, "Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way." He had hardly thought thus, when Wilberforce turned to him, and said, "What a blessing it is to have these dear children—only think what a relief, amidst other hurries, to hear their voices and know they are well."

PAPER FROM GOOD HUSKS AND LEAVES.—It is announced in European journals that by a recent discovery, paper has been made of the leaves and husks of Indian Corn, equal, and in some respects superior to, that made from rags. The inventor, Martin Diamant, is a Jewish writing master, in Austria, where, it is stated, satisfactory experiments on a large scale have been made. If this be true, it is good news to the farmers of this country, and not less so to newspaper and book makers. The price of paper made from rags, has advanced so rapidly, from scarcity of the raw material, as to form a serious item in the expense of the publisher.

THE prayer of Ajax was for light.
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight
To see his Sparta's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer,
Be, too, for light, for strength to bear
Our portion of the load of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

☞ A sharp attorney sets down those and foreparers in his clients bill for "fetching from the railway station the chine and turkey you sent me for a present."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$2 50 if paid within six months—$3 if not paid within the year. Single copies, five cents. Specimen numbers sent gratis. Postage, 26 cts. per annum, payable quarterly in advance.

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A number of our subscribers have availed themselves of our liberal offers relative to WEBSTER'S NEW QUARTO PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, and LIPPINCOTT'S GAZETTEER AND GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD. And yet our wonder is that nearly all of our readers do not avail themselves of these offers.

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Almost any one, we should think, in city or country, could get five new subscribers among their friends, and thus entitle themselves to one of these admirable and costly works. It is good pay for a little labor.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The twenty per cent. that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

MARRIAGES WITH FRENCHMEN.

An article in a recent number of a reliable London periodical, cautions in lady readers to be very careful how they contract marriage with a Frenchman, without carefully studying the Code Napoleon beforehand, and having the marriage ceremony performed if possible upon French ground.

It appears that the French courts do not recognize the validity of marriages performed according to the laws and customs of other nations. Therefore if a Frenchman marries an English or American lady, in a manner perfectly binding according to the laws of England or the United States, and afterwards returns to France with his wife, the courts of the latter country will not respect the marriage if any of the formalities prescribed by the Code Napoleon have been neglected. As to the requirements of the code in question, we quote the following statements:—

The code requires that the bridegroom should be at least eighteen, and the bride fifteen years of age. It cannot be contracted except of the two parties most interested, but also of their fathers and mothers, and, failing them, of their grandfathers and grandmothers, and even of a family council, if no other relations exist. In the case of any of the *ascendants* residing in the same place, in order to effect the celebration of the marriage, in the first place, the man must be twenty-five and the woman twenty-one years of age; secondly, the parents to whom consent to marry is refused must be cited to appear before the officer who is to perform the ceremony, and the proceedings (the notes re-

[illegible]

... indirect stigma on the offspring, such as by refusing to allow the church bell to ring at the baptism of children whose parents have not been married at church but at the mayoralty only.

In accordance with the doctrine of the State religion, the law of France declares marriage to be indissoluble. The only course open to married couples who find it impossible to live together, is separation, in cases laid down by law.

It would not perhaps occur to any American girl, when receiving the proposals of a young Frenchman, that the consent of his parents, however pleasant, would be at all necessary to the legality of the marriage, considered from a French point of view. Neither would it occur to her, or even probably to her friends, that the details of the French marriage laws were a matter of any possible consequence. But observe how the matter works. Our French friend concludes to return to France. His parents may, if they choose, not only refuse to acknowledge the American lady as their son's wife, but may even institute legal proceedings to demonstrate the invalidity of the marriage, owing to their consent not having been given, and the other requirements of the French law neglected. Such things have been done, we believe, where English ladies were concerned—and could be done probably with even greater ease where a comparatively informal American marriage was in question. Of course after a decree of a French court decreeing the marriage invalid, the lady would be placed in a most cruel position; and nothing but a re-marriage, or a removal from France, could place her in a satisfactory position in her husband's household.

France is, we believe, an exception to all other civilized nations, in thus refusing the recognition of her courts to marriages solemnized in good faith and according to the laws of other countries. It would be well, however, in all cases of making such intimate connections with foreigners, to examine carefully into the marriage laws of the nations from which they come. For it is a little unpleasant, to say the least, for a wife who is taken home to see her husband's relatives, to find when she arrives among them, that she is liable to be regarded as having legally no claim upon his or their affection or regard.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF FRAULEIN GUNDERRODE AND BETTINE VON ARNIM. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

WHAT WE EAT; An Account of the Most Common Adulterations of Food and Drink. With Simple Tests by which Many of them May Be Detected. By THOMAS H. HOSKINS, M. D. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HYMNS FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN. Compiled by the Author of Violet, Daisy, &c. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston; and for sale by Samuel Hazard, Jr., Philada.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD BACON. From Unpublished Papers. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, of the Inner Temple. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Minister of Inveresk, containing Memorials of the Men and Events of His Time. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for January. For sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Philada.

HOME AND SCHOOL PRIMER.—Published by Fisher & Brother, Philada.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH.—M. De Talleyrand, when reproached by a friend for certain diplomatic fine sayings usually attributed to him, replied:

"There is nothing in the sphere of politics so hard to get believed as the truth. Whenever I have revealed the pure and simple truth, I have always been suspected of dissimulation; I have always been believed when I have resigned myself to the necessity of concealing it. I predict that the first statesman who shall have the moral courage to avow, hour by hour, all that he thinks, and all that he knows, will create for himself the reputation of being the most consummate hypocrite."

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

PHONOGRAPHY.

[illegible]

... do not think so—and I judge from the experience of many years. He says:—"As to clergymen using phonographically written sermons to preach from, they must either have the discourse well committed to memory, or else be liable to commit some very gross errors, &c." This is a mistake. All that is necessary to ensure the *greatest degree* of facility in reading, is a knowledge of the system. I have for years used Phonographic notes in my lectures, and find them much *more* legible than longhand.

"Brief Phonography to any other than a reporter or lawyer, must prove to be a very dangerous plaything." Undoubtedly! and we might suggest to our learned friend, that his pen may prove to be a very dangerous *plaything*, if he is not a little more careful in its use. But *playthings* are not for *men* to use. There is an evil to be overcome, and those who only care to *play* with the matter, had better let it alone.

I am not ignorant of the difficulties of the system. I spent my leisure hours for five long years, before I fairly mastered it. But I have never regretted the time I devoted to it. I have learned more of the general principles of language through it, than in ten years' study of the Latin language. I have found its practical value fifty times as great as the value of a knowledge of book-keeping; though I have never been a *professional reporter*.

After all, I am opposed to the system, because I think we need a *better*. But give it its due, and don't condemn it on principles that would condemn all science and every art.

Respectfully,

D. P. LINDSLEY,

Principal North Hebron Institute.

North Hebron, N. Y.

HIGH TREASON DEFINED.—In a recent charge delivered before the U. S. Circuit Court, at New York, Judge Smalley (Dem.) defined the crime of high treason. The Judge said:—

"What overt acts, then, constitute treason? A mere conspiracy to subvert by force the Government, however flagitious the crime may be, is not treason. To conspire to levy war, and actually levying war, are distinct offences.

"If a body of people conspire and meditate an insurrection to resist or oppose the laws of the United States by force, they are only guilty of a high misdemeanor; but if they proceed to carry such intention into execution by force, they are guilty of treason by levying war.

"In the language of Chief Justice Marshall: 'It is not the intention of the Court to say that no individual can be guilty of this crime who has not appeared in arms against his country.

"'On the contrary, if war be actually levied—that is, if a body of men be actually assembled for the purpose of effecting, by force, a treasonable purpose—*all those who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action*, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors.'"

The Grand Jury were instructed to examine whether any individuals living in New York were liable to indictment—all persons being liable who contributed (either for sympathy or gain) arms, munitions of war, vessels, &c. Quite an excitement has been the result in that city—as the Judge further said that "Under the second section of the act of 1790, all who have any knowledge of any such acts of treason, and do not, as soon as possible, make it known in the manner therein prescribed, are guilty of misprision of treason, and subject to the punishment therefor."

GOV. CURTIN'S INAUGURATION.—There was considerable civic and military display on the occasion of the inauguration of the new Governor of Penna. Gov. Curtin's address was mild and conciliatory in its tone. He recommended the repeal of any unconstitutional statutes, if there were such; the enforcement of the laws of the Union; and doubted the wisdom of amending the Federal Constitution.

The only persons who really enjoy good health are the doctors.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

A WEEK CHRISTMAS—A STREET ORGY—A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE—HONESTY REWARDED—THE PRESIDENCY OF SHOES.

[illegible]

... violent impetus imparted to his descent by the enormous force brought to bear on him by the Marquis, never rose to the surface. Every effort was made to recover the unfortunate victim of paternal and patrician fury, but in vain. He had disappeared, and forever, beneath the blue waters of the bay. The story spread like wildfire through Naples, and has already made the round of Europe; and speculation is rife as to the judicial consequences that cannot fail to follow the rash and fatal deed of one of the highest members of the British peerage.

Another bit of romance, happily of a less tragic character, comes to us from Bologne, where a first-rate specimen of "the fine old English gentleman" has been seeking a refuge, which he has certainly not found, from the rude blasts of an English winter. Going out for a walk, a few days ago, he suddenly missed his purse, which contained a large sum of money, and which—as he remembered that he had it in his hand as he locked his bed-room door before going down stairs—he supposed he must have dropped then and there. Hastening back into the hotel, he went up to his room, hoping to find the missing porte-monnaie on the stairs or the landing outside his door; and meeting a very pretty chambermaid as he mounted the stairs, he told her of his loss, and found that she had that moment picked up the porte-monnaie, and was carrying it, according to the rules of the house, to the steward's room for safe-keeping. Having received the missing object from her hands, Mr. S—— opened it, satisfied himself that its contents were intact, and telling the pretty chambermaid that he "should not forget her," went out again, and resumed his walk. The pretty chambermaid, indignant at not having received any more substantial reward, went off to the kitchen, where she narrated her adventure, and expatiated on her disappointment to the rest of the servants, who all joined in her outcry against the parsimony of the rich and ungrateful Englishman. The latter finished his walk, and, on his return, was closeted for a quarter of an hour with the keeper of the hotel, from whom he learned that the pretty chambermaid was of a decent, honest family, bore an irreproachable character, and was both a good and good-tempered girl, respected by all who knew her.

The "indignation-meeting" in the kitchen was not yet over, when the Englishman's bell rang, and the chambermaid darted upstairs to answer it, amidst the felicitations of her fellow-servants, and hastily considering, in her own mind, the precise pieces of finery she should buy with the money she doubted not that she was now going to receive. Presenting herself demurely in answer to the bell, while running over the deficiencies of her wardrobe which she was most desirous to supply, what was her amazement at receiving from the owner of the porte-monnaie, not the pecuniary recompense she had been hoping for, but an offer of his hand and fortune! It is scarcely necessary to add that the offer was at once accepted, and that short courtships being the mode in France, the wedding has just taken place, to the great admiration of the bride, her family, her fellow-servants, and the public of Bologne!

A lively and ingenious Frenchman, M. Charles Vincent, has just published the first part of his "History of Shoemaking and of Celebrated Shoemakers," in which—starting from the principle that the history of mankind is expressed more truly in our deeds than it can ever be expressed in words—he contends that the development and experiences of humanity may be deduced from the progressive changes of any of the [illegible]

[illegible]

The Romans had but one word, *artifex*, to express both *artist* and *artisan*.

The great and important history of costume in general not being yet in existence, M. Vincent has contented himself for the present with preparing a monograph on the subject of the shoes of the ancients; which subject he has treated with great erudition, patience, zeal, and research. He shows that the profession of the shoemaker was honored in all times and places, in Egypt, India, and Persia, by the Parthians, Assyrians, Tyrians, Phœnicians, and Phrygians; at Sparta, at Athens, and at Rome. The makers of every species of foot-gear were placed under the protection of Apollo Sandaliarius, were held and acknowledged for artists, and had at Rome their own quarter of the city, and their own temple; while the tanners were compelled to live outside the city, and were held to be impure and infamous, and contemptuously designated as "the skinners of corpses." Now-a-days, our modern pride looks down upon the shoemaker; and pays homage to the millions amassed by wealthy tanners; except in India, where the *mouclogs*, being at once tanners and shoemakers, the odium of the first branch of their trade has been reflected on the second, and the double profession is exercised only by pariahs.

Whence comes the disdain of our own times for the art of the shoemaker, the *cordwainer*, as he was formerly called, *i. e.* the *Cordovaner*, or worker in kid prepared after the fashion of the tanners of Cordova? Our scorn, if we consult the annals of history, is found to be strangely misplaced.

Iphicrates, the famous general of Greece, began life by making shoes in his father's house; Athens possessed a shoemaker, Simon, who was the friend of Pericles and the companion of Socrates; it was the shoemaker, George Fox, who founded the Society of Friends; Hans Sachs, the Aristophanes of Germany, was a maker of shoes, as was the English Theocritus, Bloomfield. Was not the heroic Rabbi Johannan, under whom, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, the Jews came so near regaining their ancient land, a maker of sandals? Was not the historian Pasquier at once the correspondent of Turgot and a shoemaker of Rouen? Had not St. Anian, bishop and martyr, the honor of mending the shoes of St. Mark, the Evangelist? And did not the two Roman nobles, St. Crispin, and St. Crispinus, when they had distributed their wealth among the poor, on embracing Christianity, make shoes gratis for the poor of Rome until they were barbarously made to shed their blood in the cause of the faith they had embraced?

The more we examine the titles of shoemaking to our respect, the less comprehensible appears the prejudice with which it is so generally regarded. On no branch of labor has the imagination been more exercised, or with more charming results; in fact, the History of the Shoe would be the Universal History of Taste. Sandals, buskins, socks, caligæ, crepides, arcides, persicas, pedilea, boots, shoes, and slippers, what a well-nigh endless scale of artistic creation and modification do they present, from the strips of bark bound round the foot with wisps of grass to the exquisite gaiters of the modern masters of the art, delicate and supple as a silken sock; or the *calceus*, adorned with gold, ivory, amber, and precious stones, of whose wearers Tertullian declares that "Vice tarnishes and destroys their souls as the diamonds of their shoes! The ancients had sandals woven of the delicate fibres of the [illegible]

[illegible]

The fairy wonders of Cinderella were but the modern rendering of an old historical incident. The fair slave Rhodope, Esop's ungrateful companion, went one day to bathe in the river, leaving her slippers on the bank. An eagle happened to direct his hungry flight that way; his keen eyes espied the slippers, and fancying, probably, that they were something good to eat, he swooped upon them, and carried one of them off in his beak. He continued his flight until he came to Memphis, where, having discovered his mistake, he dropped the slipper down into the city, where it was picked up by some of the passers, and so highly excited their admiration by the delicacy of its workmanship, and especially by its extreme smallness, and the grace of its proportions, that they forthwith conveyed the wonderful slipper to the palace of the King, Psammetichus. The monarch no sooner beheld the exquisite proportions of this tiny shoe, than he fell desperately in love with the idea of its wearer, and caused a careful search to be made throughout his dominions for the adorable little foot that could wear it. The foot was found at last, and its owner became Queen of Egypt. Rhodope might now have been useful to her old friend in slavery; but though raised to the throne, she did nothing to lighten the fate of Esop.

Under Lycurgus the Spartans went barefoot until their marriage, when they were permitted to wear the *crepidus*, a sole tied under the foot, leaving the toes free. Plato advised his countrymen to maintain this form of shoe, as the best and most healthy. The old Romans employed the *solea*, or simple *sole*, bound under the foot, and the *pero*, a rude species of gaiter, during the maintenance of republican simplicity among them; but under the Empire they wore the *cerea*, covered with gold, and the *campagus* with its rich embroidering; during the Decline, they adopted effeminate Eastern slippers, striped with gay colors, painted, and bedecked with bows of ribbon. Their soles were frequently made of plates of gold; and such was the passion of the Roman ladies, during this period, for ornamented shoes, that Pliny says of them, "They are not content with decking their walking-shoes with precious stones and jewels, but they even ornament the slippers they wear. Even precious stones no longer satisfy them; for, to be in the fashion, they must walk upon pearls, and tread under foot ornaments of royal cost and splendor." The luxurious citizens of the fallen Mistress of the world had left far behind them the shoes of plaited reeds and broom in which the companions of Romulus marched to victory, and the buskins of untanned leather which sufficed for the soldiers of Brutus and Scipio!

The Egyptian custom of painting their enemies on the soles of their sandals, grew out of the fact that, in old times, the wearing of shoes indicated power, liberty possession. Slaves went barefoot. So, among the ancient Hebrews, as is shown in the book of Ruth, in order that the cession of any right or property should be legitimate and valid, he who sold any object, or ceded any right to another, took off his shoe, and gave it to that other, as the seal of the contract. At a betrothal, the contracting parties exchanged shoes, as the pledge of their mutual possession of one another. This adoption of the shoe as the sign of property or possession prompted the old proverb, "One must not count on dead men's shoes."

The question of the inventor of shoes has never been settled. Neither Nigranitis, who wrote a treatise on the sandals, fortified with iron nails, worn by the Roman soldiers, nor Albert Rubens, in his elegant work on the shoes of the Senators, touch on this point. Benoit Baudouin, of Amiens, the shoemaking descendant of a long line of shoemaking ancestors, in his book *De Calceo Antiquo*, states that God gave shoes of skins to Adam and [illegible]

[illegible]

... the Chinaman wears wadded and quilted stockings an inch thick. The constant sweating of the extremities, thus induced, is regarded in China as the first condition of health. The great Broussais always urged his patients to clothe their feet warmly. A respected physician of Lillebonne, who was also a magistrate of that town, lived for sixty years in his top-boots; walking, talking, bleeding, physicing, judging, riding, eating, and marrying, always in top-boots. The old ones he kept beside his bed and used them as slippers!

QUANTUM.

BRITISH CAPITAL.—The following statement of the capital, in round numbers, of some of the principal securities dealt in on the London Stock Exchange, though showing a total of no less than £1,[illegible], is far below the truth, since it "is irrespective of the shares of provincial joint-stock banks, of many land, discount, and other companies, and of the large amount of foreign loans, foreign railway shares, and other foreign securities held here, the aggregate of which it is impossible to arrive at, or even to estimate with anything like precision."

British funded and unfunded debt	£805,000,000
British railway shares and debentures	[illegible]
Indian railway shares held in England	[illegible]
Colonial government securities	16,000,000
Indian home bond debt	6,800,000
London joint-stock banks	[illegible]
Irish and Scotch banks	[illegible]
Bank stock	14,000,000
Insurance companies	15,000,000
Mines, British and foreign	10,000,000
Steam companies	8,000,000
Telegraph companies	7,000,000
Docks, canals, water-works, bridges, &c.	20,000,000
Gas companies	6,700,000
	£1,[illegible],000

—*Fenn's Compendium of English and Foreign Funds.*

CURIOUS TENANT CASE IN FRANCE.—A lady named Gerard lately took on lease an apartment in a house in the Faubourg Poissonniere, and, after sending in her furniture she went to take possession, accompanied by a lap-dog, which she held in her arms; but the *concierge* positively refused to let the animal enter, and after a long altercation she was obliged to send it away. On appeal to the landlord she could obtain no redress, and she then applied to the President of the Civil Tribunal sitting in chambers to order that, as her lease did not contain any stipulation that she should not keep a dog, the animal should be allowed to enter. The [illegible]

SALLIE AND I.

BY ANNIE M. DUGANNE.

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Are there no bachelors wanting to buy?
None who have courage enough to propose?
None who have wisdom enough to disclose
That they're shirts without buttons, and pants without straps,
They have coats with fringed edges, and coats with torn flaps,
And their *last* wisher's hose are minus of toes,
And their uncovered heels are like to get frose,
For lack of such bodies as Sallie and I
To attend to the wants and the woes we espy?

We are no coquettes—Sallie and I—
No free-loving dandies need not apply—
Beauty's admirers or Wit's devotees
Need not approach, for we never shall please;
But we know of a circle whose names are untold
In Fame's shining temples or casettes of gold,
Whose lives without spot, or blemish, or blot,
Have won them the honor the world giveth not—
For such, worthy bachelors, Sallie and I
Still wait in the market—will ye not buy?

Unsullied virtue, Sallie and I,
Only can offer to those who apply—
Hearts warm and loving we're striven to blend
With hands ever ready in need to befriend;
And our lips seldom gossip, our feet rarely roam
Beyond the charmed precincts of childhood's sweet home—
And to wash, brew or bake, small splutter we make,
For "Quiet and Thrift" is the motto we take—
Oh! rare are such housewives as Sallie and I;
Lonely old bachelors, will ye not buy?

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Shall we be left in the market to die?
Swiftly youth's fleeting years over us go,
Dimmer the rays from Hope's beacon light glow,
And the dimples where Cupid hath chosen his bed,
Too long left unkissed, will be wrinkles instead—
And our hearts, like the May, will forget to be gay
If Love's fragrant blossoms ne'er dawn on our way
Such the petition Sallie and I
Offer to bachelors—pray, will ye buy?

OUR SMELLING BOTTLES.

Did the reader ever ask himself, as he passed a perfumer's shop—How are these delicate odors that strike so sweetly upon the sense taken prisoners? What chains can we forge fine enough to enslave the delicious breath of the rose? what trap can we set sufficiently subtile to seize the odor of the violet? By what process do we manage to "bottle" the hawthorn-scented gale?

If the perfumer (guessing his thoughts) were to say, "The most successful trap we set is a lump of fat," possibly our reader would open his eyes very wide, and exclaim, incredulously, What possible affinity can there be between so gross an animal product, and so volatile an essence? Verily, good reader, there are more things in Heaven and earth, than are dreampt of in your philosophy; and this is one of them. Possibly, if we were to tell you that the perfumer salts down his rose-leaves in order to preserve their odor, just as the meat-curer salts down his pork, you would be still incredulous; yet, verily, we speak the words of truth and soberness, as we shall presently show you.

The cultivation of flowers for the manufacture of perfumes, is chiefly carried on in the south of France, in the plains watered by the river Var; and now that Louis Napoleon has acquired both banks of that river, he may be said to have taken possession of the scent-bottle of Europe. Those who have visited Cannes and its neighborhood, must have seen the flower-farms bright with a thousand brilliant dyes; and at Grasse, again the plantations of orange trees, which perfume the air. To secure the odors of those flowers is the care of the proprietors, so that thousands in far-off capitals shall be able to enjoy the perfume that otherwise would waste its sweetness upon the desert air. There are various modes of accomplishing this; but the principal one, for the more delicate flowers, such as the jasmine, the violet, tube rose, and orange, is by what we will call the fat-trap.

Those who know anything of chemistry, are well aware that carbon, in the shape of charcoal, possesses an astonishing affinity for all kinds of odors—a property which the physician avails himself of to absorb the foul smells of the hospital. The hydrocarbons, such as beef and mutton fat, highly purified, possess a similar absorptive power, which is taken anvantage of by the flower farmer, to take and secure the fleeting breath of his flowers. Let us suppose, for instance, that it is the season for violets. The proprietor has already prepared thousands of square wooden frames, the rims of which are, say, three inches in depth; in the middle of this frame is inserted a sheet of glass, and the whole series of frames are constructed so as to fit one upon the other. Upon both sides of the glass a film of finely purified fat is spread, to the depth of a quarter of an inch, and upon this fat the violet flowers just picked are lightly spread. Thus it will be seen the flowers are sandwiched between layers of fat, resting upon the lower layer, but not touching the upper layer. In a short period the fat will have absorbed the whole perfume of the flower, when a fresh supply is added, and this process of feeding with flowers is often repeated thirty times, until the fat is thoroughly saturated with its perfume. Thus imprisoned, the odor is safely transferred from one part of the globe to another.

The extent to which this process is carried in the south of France may be imagined, when we say that 1,600,000 pounds of orange flowers, 300,000 pounds of rose blooms, 200,000 pounds of jasmine blooms, 60,000 pounds of violets, 40,000 pounds of acacia flowers, 20,000 pounds of tuberose flowers, and 5,000 pounds of jonquil flowers are consumed annually, the value of which cannot be less than $240,000. But, says the reader, what can all this scented fat be used for? The fat, good reader, is only the vehicle in which these odors travel. The next process, when it reaches the manufacturing perfumer, is to liberate the delicate Ariel from its bondage. In order to accomplish this, the fat is cut into small cubes and macerated in pure spirits of wine. The scent, like an inconstant mate, immediately deserts its more material partner, and combines with the spirit, just as wives now and then will desert their solid city husband for some mercurial singing master. The scent is now in the form of an extract, but is by no means fitted for the pocket handkerchief. Here the artist steps in and combines in definite proportions different odors so as to produce bouquets, or he manufactures primary odors; for your fashionable perfumer will no more allow the public to enjoy the pure perfume of the flower than a *chef de cuisine* will permit you to taste the natural quality of the meat. And, first, with respect to primary odors, it is astonishing how few art has yet managed to extract direct from the flower. Violets, geraniums, orange blossoms, and roses, are translated, it is true, by the absorptive process immediately into the perfumer's stores. But of the scores of scents which the European nose smells at, full two-thirds are but a delusion and a snare. Mr. Septimus Piesse, of the firm of Piesse and Lubin, has written a very interesting book on the art of perfumery, in which this secret is most frankly confessed. We must admit, however, that the manufacturing perfumer is in no wise to blame in this matter. It is not his business to provide the primary odors; his department is the higher duty of combining them; give him a fuller scale of notes and he will afford the public more varied airs. Mr. Piesse, indeed, laments, that whilst cultivators of gardens spend thousands for the gratification of the eye, they altogether neglect the nose. Why should we not grow flowers for their odors as well as for their colors? There are scores of flowers in our gardens that would yield admirable extracts with a little pains. For instance, there is heliotrope, the lily of the valley, honeysuckle, myrtle, clove pink, and wallflower. We have extracts of all these flowers in the perfumers' shops, but they are nothing but skillful combinations of other scents. They play tricks with our noses as they do with our palates. We know full well that certain flavorings, such as pine apple drops, jargonelle pears, &c., are manufactured out of the refuse of gas tar and from rotten cheese. In the same way some of our sweetest, and, as we believe, natural flower-scents have their base in fœtid animal secretions, such as musk, civet, &c. Who will come to the rescue? There is a great cry for woman's work—here it is. Many a lady would willingly employ her time which hangs heavy in country-houses, if she only knew how. We will tell her. "I want heliotrope pomade," says Mr. Piesse. "I would buy any amount that I could get;" and this is the way to get it. If there is such a thing as a glue-pot in the house, you have the only piece of machinery needed—it is, in fact, a water-bath.

As the details of the process are all important, we will proceed in Mr. Piesse's own words.

"At the season when the flowers are in bloom, obtain a pound of fine lard, melt the lard, and strain it through a close hair sieve, allow the liquid fat as it falls from the sieve to drop into the cold spring water; this operation granulates and washes the blood and membrane from it. In order to start with a perfectly inodorous grease, the melting and granulation process may be repeated three or four times, using a pinch of salt and a pinch of alum in each water; it is then to be washed five or six times in plain water; finally, re-melt the fat, and cast it into a pan, to free it from adhering water. Now put the clarified fat into the glue-pot, and place it in such a position near the fire of the greenhouse, or elsewhere, that will keep it warm enough to be liquid; into the fat throw as many flowers as you can, and there let them remain for twenty-four hours. At this time strain the fat from the spent flowers, and add fresh ones; repeat this operation for a week; we expect at the last straining, the fat will have become very highly perfumed, and when cold, may be justly termed *pommade a la heliotrope*." To turn this pomade into an extract fit for the handkerchief, all that has to be done is to cut the perfumed fat into small pieces, drop it into a wide-mouthed bottle, and cover it with highly rectified spirit, in which it must remain for a week. When strained off the process will be completed.

In this manner every flower of the garden may be turned into a genuine extract, and the lady who takes the trouble to perform the operation may be sure that she possesses a perfume which money cannot buy from the best perfumer's in the metropolis. Moreover, she would then possess some individuality in her perfume. Why should we not know our fair friends by the delicate odors with which they are surrounded, as we know them afar off by the charm of voice? There is an appropriate odor, to our minds, to each particular character. The spiritueile should affect jasmine; the brilliant and witty, heliotrope; the robust, the more musky odors; and young girls just blooming into womanhood, the rose. The citron-like perfumes are more fitted for the melancholy temperament, and there is a sad minor note in vanille that the young widow should affect. When we study the aesthetics of odors, we shall match nice shades of character with delicate shades of odor. Why should human feeling be expressed better by colors than by perfumes?

TO FATTEN A WOMAN.—Curds and cream are almost the only food given to girls in Southern Africa, to make them marriageably attractive—that is to say fatter. So says Burton, in his "Central Africa," and he adds that the drink for males is fresh milk, and for the females sour milk, to make the men lean and the women plump.

JEFFERSON'S ROCK, NEAR HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA.

This rock is of interest from the fact that it is named after Thos. Jefferson, and from its somewhat singular appearance.

From the opening between the foliage and rock a fine view, which combines the grand and beautiful with striking effect, is obtained.

Very little is seen of the town, and the landscape, diversified with mountain, forest, and river, presents all the appearance of its primitive state.

THE SAILOR AND THE TAILOR.

The following amusing facts came out in a recent law suit in England:—

There is a certain county court, where marine and nautical differences and 'long-shore squabbles are much mixed up with general commercial matters. The plaintiff in this case is a tailor and outfitter, who has retired from business, and taken up his abode in a romantic villa built close on the margin of the Thames; and the defendant is one Captain Block, an old man-of-war's man, who, after knocking about on the ocean for almost fifty years, came into unexpected possession of a large fortune, which he spends in a characteristic way. Not being able to put up with brick-walls and four-posters, after swinging in a hammock for near half a century, he has built himself a sailing-yacht, and fitted her up as a man-of-war, mounting her with a regular tier of guns, and constituting himself her captain—his crew consisting of a score of well-seasoned old salts, warranted to be none the worse for any allowance of grog.

It might appear to be one of the most unlikely things in the world that Mr. Peter Gander, the quondam tailor, on shore, should ever come into hostile collision with Captain Block afloat; but destiny, which brings more unlikely things to pass, had decreed that this brace of worthies should clash in their several orbits—and thus it came about. The tailor, who, in his pantalooning times, had been hen-pecked by a domineering wife, had been finally delivered from his plague on a certain propitious Easter-Monday; and it had been his amiable practice ever since, to celebrate the anniversary by the explosion of a continuous *feu de joie* from a battery of small cannon erected at the end of his garden, and overlooking the river. The firing and the feasting—for he entertained all his friends on the occasion—were kept up the whole day, and sometimes far into the night, when the reverberating echoes of the tailor's guns would be heard from Blackwell to Gravesend, and even further down.

Now, it happened that Captain Block, cruising on a certain Easter-Monday in that latitude, heard the report of the tailor's guns, and making sail for the battery, soon came alongside, when he piped all hands, cleared the decks for action, and began to return the fire in the approved British fashion, but in a perfectly friendly and harmless way. It was quite a refresher to Captain Block to smell powder once more, and he was anything but sparing of his blank-cartridges; but, lo! in the middle of the invigorating sport, he discovers that the tailor's lubberly crew were loading their guns with pebbles as well as powder, and had shot away a good part of his top-sails, and riddled his flowing bunting. "Oh, oh!" said the captain, "if you mean mischief, you lubbers, you shall have a bellyful: gunner, serve out the shot." Accordingly, the guns were shotted without loss of time, and the captain, taking good aim at the enemy's chimney-stacks, delivered a broadside with such effect, that the bricks and mortar came tumbling down most alarmingly upon the household within. In the midst of the consternation and panic induced by such a shower, old Block jumped into his boat with a dozen of his crew, each armed with a stout rope's end, and pulled ashore. In less time than it takes to record the fact, the whole of the tailor's company were sprawling on the ground, each and all of them furnished with very sufficient reasons for considering themselves thrashed. To the tailor himself, the gallant captain proffered the honorable satisfaction of a gentleman, tendering him on the spot the choice of weapons, either sword or pistol, both of which were promptly produced for his selection. Poor Peter Gander looked aghast at these dreadful alternatives, and instead of accepting either, actually swooned away on the lawn amidst his prostrate guests.

"Bear a hand here, bos'n," said Block; "heave that live lumber aboard: we'll bring him to, I reckon, between this and blue water!"

Accordingly, the senseless tailor was lugged into the boat, and carried on board the yacht, which the next minute trimmed her sails to the breeze, and stood down the river.

When Mr. Gander came to his senses, he found himself in total darkness, and his nostrils assailed with the smell of bilge-water. He could hear the waves beating against the walls of his prison; he knew by the violent motion of the vessel that she was navigating the open sea; and now he bitterly bemoaned his lot in being carried off by pirates from his native land. All night he lay lamenting and dreading the gloomy fate in reserve for him. In the morning he heard the harsh voice of the captain on the deck above, and shortly after he was hauled out of confinement, and brought before a court-martial sitting in the cabin. There he was arraigned, and put on his defence; but having nothing of any weight to say for himself, he was found guilty of insulting the British flag, and condemned to be hanged at the yard-arm there and then. Here was a horrible finale to his Easter Monday's jubilations! He sunk to the ground, and would have swooned again but for a timely bath of brine administered from a bucket by the hands of the boatswain. Dripping and horrified, he got on his knees, and begged and prayed for life, promising all sorts of satisfaction to the captain, and confessing himself a miserable sinner. The captain for a long time paid no attention to his distress, but ordered a rope to be slung for the execution of the sentence. At length, however, he thought fit to show a little commiseration for the offender, and upon his promise of amendment, commuted the sentence of death into a sentence to be shaved after the equinoctial fashion. Mr. Gander was thereupon conducted to the deck, seated on a barrel, lathered with pitch, and delicately shaved with a piece of rusty iron hoop; at the end of which process, he found himself backed into the tub, and soused over head and ears in salt-water. After this, he was allowed to console himself as he best could, until the yacht came in sight of land, when sail was made for the nearest port, and poor Peter was set on shore, without a shilling in his pocket, at a fashionable watering-place.

All the above facts came out from the statements and cross-examinations of plaintiff and witnesses, and we need not say that the most was made of them by the counsel for the plaintiff, who had summoned the captain for compensation—assessing at fifty pounds the damages in mind and person which he had received. The counsel for the defendant argued, on the other hand, that Peter had deserved all he had got, for having commenced hostilities without provocation. The judge seemed to be very much of this opinion; he decided, however, that although the gallant captain had been unjustifiably assailed, he had retaliated, considering the circumstances, too severely; and he therefore mulcted him in the penalty of five pounds, at the same time refusing the tailor his costs.

THE TURKEY.—An English writer says that in the time of Henry the Eighth, everything foreign which was new and fashionable was called "turkey;" as the richest goods were imported by merchants whose vessels sailed up the Mediterranean, and who were called Turkey merchants. When the noble American bird was first served up on English tables, its excellence gave it the fashionable name "turkey," which has remained unchanged to the present.

☞ The world, though rough, is, after all, the best schoolmaster—better than study, for it makes man his own teacher. As Gibbon said, "Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one (how important!) which he gives to himself."

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

One who has implicit confidence in his own judgment, or even in his own observation, is quite certain to fall into some serious blunders in the course of his life. A correspondent of the American Agriculturist tells a good story, which has a fitting admonition for old as well as young persons:—

When I was eleven years old, my mother removed to the country. Our nearest neighbor was a minister, by the name of Wayland, who, in addition to his ministerial duties, owned and cultivated a large farm. One night my attention was attracted to a bright light in one of the upper rooms of our neighbor's house. In a moment I saw the wife fly past the uncurtained window, closely followed by the husband, who was armed with a huge fire-shovel—round the room she went, still pursued, and as I listened breathlessly, I thought, nay I was sure, I heard a scream.

I hastened to my mother, and told her what I had seen, and we both looked out, but the light was gone, and all was quiet. Notwithstanding my mother's judicious warning, "to say nothing about it to any one," before school was out the next day, I had confided it to my bosom friend, and in a week half the village knew it, and a great talk it made, I assure you.

Finally it reached the ears of the deacons, who at once proceeded to investigate its truth. My mother looked grave and troubled when they called, but conscious of having told only the truth, I met them fearlessly, and related what I had seen. Then they left, taking a "bee line" for the minister's, to call him to account. With many apologies they made known their errand, when, to their surprise, the minister burst into a hearty laugh.

"Wait a moment," said he, "till I call Polly. You see, that night I found a big rat in the meal chest, and came down for the shovel, and bade her hold the light, while I killed him. Finding no other place to hide, the rascal took refuge in the folds of her dress, and she ran screaming, till I managed to dislodge and kill him."

I have ever since been careful not to repeat an unfavorable report about my neighbors—at least, until I knew the whole truth.

MORE OF THE STRONG MAN.

Acorn writes as follows to the Spirit of the Times:—That three weeks ago I called upon Doctor Windship, at his residence at Roxbury, and found the doctor practising his trials of strength, which were truly wondrous. Among other extraordinary feats which he exhibited, was lifting *nineteen hundred and thirty-four pounds!* This was accomplished by putting a large, and, of course, very strong iron chain over the shoulders; the chain was covered with flannel to prevent its galling.

The doctor raised the weights about one foot from the floor (which is laid on the ground) of the building in which he practices. The doctor's strength seems to lie in his shoulders, arms, chest, and back bone. The muscles of his shoulders and fore arms look nearly as large as those of a finely developed horse, while by constant practice, they have become so hardened and firm that they feel tendinous. His chest is deep and wide, and he informs me that it continues to expand.

His weight is about one hundred and forty-five pounds. He possesses extraordinary powers of endurance, as well as wonderful physical strength to lift. He will travel all day and night, and in the evening deliver his lecture on Physical Culture; and, after, give his illustrations. The only disadvantage or inconvenience he experiences is, that it interferes with his practice, and consequently, he is not, while travelling thus, at all times in the full possession of his uttermost physical power. But a few days' regular practice enables him to regain it.

I AND THOU.

I am the storm that northward seems to flee,
Thou art the moonlight on the tranquil sea,
How can such I with such a Thou agree?

Thou art the beam that lights the lily's eyes,
I the wild hail that from the black cloud flies—
Oh! endless chasm that between us lies:

I wild, inconstant, earth's dark guest, and Thou,
With almost angel clearness on thy brow;
Come, love, and show thyself almighty now!

NOVEL MODE OF EXTRACTING TEETH.—Amongst the vagaries of an eccentric physician (Monsey) was the way in which he extracted his own tooth. Round the tooth sentenced to be drawn he fastened securely a strong piece of catgut, to the opposite end of which he affixed a bullet. With this bullet and a full measure of powder, a pistol was charged. On the trigger being pulled, the operation was performed effectually and speedily. The doctor could rarely prevail on his friends to permit him to remove their teeth by this original process. Once a gentleman who had agreed to try the novelty, and had even allowed the apparatus to be adjusted, at the last moment exclaimed:—"Stop! stop! I've changed my mind!" "But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward for your pains," answered the doctor, pulling the trigger. In another instant the tooth was extracted, much to the timid patient's delight and astonishment.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRUDENCE.—This anecdote is told of Victoria by a London correspondent:—

She had agreed to have her photograph taken for the gratification of such of her subjects as might desire to possess the counterfeit presentment of their ruler. She presented herself in a plain black silk, without a particle of ornament. The photographer ventured to suggest that she should send for some jewels. "No," said the Queen, "this photograph is to go among my people, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage extravagance."

FLYING-FISH.

The usual length of this fish is from ten to twelve inches, but at the Island of St. Helena I have seen it offered for sale from fifteen to twenty inches long, where it is used, as in the West Indies, for food, and is of very sweet and delicate flavor. This species is named the Solitary Flying-Fish (*Exocetus solitarius*), from not being seen in large flocks like the others; and it appears to have other specific differences. When watching these fishes closely, as they passed under the stern of the ship, I remarked that the extension of both pectoral and ventral fins was effected with an audible rustling noise, and only a vibratory motion was perceptible afterwards; nor was there any expansion and contraction of those organs during flight, after the first effort. Had there been any percussion of the pectoral fins, it would have been distinctly visible to the proximity of the fish; indeed, to produce percussion of the fins it would be requisite to have an elaborate muscular apparatus; and as on dissection such is not found, the theory of that action of the fins may be considered unsupported by facts. It was also remarked that the fish, when keeping in a direct line of flight, proceeded for a great distance; but, when this was deviated from, and it turned round (which action was apparently performed by the tail, not by the pectoral fins), it only proceeded about the length of a yard and dropped into the water. The greatest length of time I have seen them fly has been thirty-two seconds, and their longest flight from 200 to 250 yards. The flying-fish has a steady flight, resembling that of some birds, but when pursued by enemies, or frightened by the passage of the ship through the water, it loses this graceful style of volitation, its flight becomes hurried, irregular, and awkward—a kind of scrambling pace, and it frequently drops into the water and again renews its flight in the same unsteady manner. When a large shoal of them emerged at the same time from the sea, it was perceived that some of them dropped immediately, others passed over a distance of twenty yards and fell, while the rest continued a steady flight of 170 to 200 yards, and passed out of sight. Their long pectoral fins or wings have the rays united by a fine, delicate membrane, flexible and transparent; the color of this membrane varies, and some have the ventral fins so large as to appear to have four wings.—"*Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia.*" *By G. Bennett, M. D.*

TRIALS PRODUCTIVE OF GOOD.—I remember, says Mr. Whitefield, some years ago, when I was at Shields, I went into a glass-house; and standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him—

"Why do you pass this through so many fires?"

He answered, "Oh, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and, therefore, we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent."

This furnished Mr. W. with a useful hint, that we must be tried, and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away, and we are made fit for the owner's use.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.—Do not jest with your wife upon any subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings; remember she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of great merits in another man's wife, in a way to imply faults in your own. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third party; her sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

GLOVES.—History presents but one instance of malpractice through the agency of the glove; the queen-dowager of Navarre was killed by a poisoned pair of gloves, sent to her as a pledge of safe-conduct to Paris—a treacherous act, fitly serving as prologue to the infamous tragedy of St. Bartholomew's day.

Charles IV. of Spain had such a liking for white gloves, that it exteaded to any fair wearer of them, and compelled his queen, in self-defence, to prohibit any lady appearing at court so gloved. The etiquette of the present day forbids the wearing of gloves in the presence of royalty; it was once customary on certain occasions.

SHADOW BUFF.—Shadow Buff is played in the following manner:—If the window happen to have a white curtain, it may be fastened at the bottom, so as to make a smooth, still surface; in the absence of a white curtain, a tablecloth may be fastened upon the wall. The one chosen to act the part of the Blind Man, sits before the curtain with his back to the light and to his companions. When all is arranged, they pass by on the opposite side of the room, so as to cast their shadow on the white surface. They may put on turbans, or shawls, or walk lame, or in any other manner disguise themselves; and he must tell who they are, if he can.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.—The great mass of readers suppose the books of the New Testament appeared in the order as written—that the Gospel of St. Matthew was first composed, and the Revelations last. This is a mistake. The following is well established to be the order in which the various parts came before the world:—1. St. Paul's Epistles. 2. Epistle to the Hebrews. 3. The first three Gospels. 4. Epistle of St. James. 5. The Revelations. 6. Epistle of St. Peter. 7. Acts of the Apostles. 8. Gospel and Epistles of St. John.

THE SHADELESS SHORE.

We have a much-loved friend; a few brief years
We walk beside him down the path of life;
And then 'tis over, and he steps before,
Or else we see our friendship changed to strife,
Thank God, amid the dying loves of earth,
We can behold a land where deathless love has birth!

We have a home; a circle round our hearth,
And merry sounds and pleasant sights are there;
The year goes round—there is an empty place,
The fire is out, the festive board is bare.
But o'er death's river, on the shadeless shore,
A home is gathering to be destroyed no more.

The eye is bright, the cheek is warm and fair;
Youth, health, and pleasure rush through every vein—
One day's sharp agony, or month's long woe,
Bids beauty bow down at the shrine of pain.
Thank God, no dire mischance, no creeping ill,
With anguish and with woe our Father's mansions fill.

We bask ourselves in wealth's luxuriant court,
Darkness and hardness are to us unknown:
Then suddenly we wake from our bright dream,
And riches and their fairy train are flown.
How sweet to know that on the changeless shore,
Diadems of fadeless gold are laid for us in store.

And oftentimes on life's tempestuous sea,
When our frail barques are tossed by wind and wave,
We should be carried down the whirlpool there,
Did not a vision from afar off save;
A bay where we our fragile boats shall moor,
The dreary voyage passed, the raging tempest o'er.

There are no scattered homes in that far land;
No riven friends, no agony nor pain,
No broken hearts, nor treacherous fortune there;
No darksome graves, where life-long love is lain.
No trial, no temptation and no sin;
The ransomed race of men to angels are akin.

Heed not the thorns that strew thine heavenward way;
Press onward, upward, glorious is the prize;
Forget thy sorrows; o'er thy ruined home,
Beyond thy lost friend's grave, lift up thine eyes,
To Him who, when life's troubled dream is o'er,
Will welcome thee at last upon the shadeless shore. WINNIE.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

"The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

"'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return and aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting."
—*Campbell.*

Half an hour afterwards the whole party mustered on the beach, watching the preparations made by the boatmen for their expedition; and while the rest were engaged in conversation respecting it George and Beatrice stood together for a moment, and the former said, in a low voice,

"Do not think me inquisitive, Miss Lyle, but I am very anxious to hear something more of your last night's dream. It strikes me it was less a vision, than reality."

"I am sure of it!"

"You are! Why?"

"From a thousand little circumstances. Indeed, Mr. Conyers, you cannot distrust this Count more than I do. His very glance terrifies me; but for all our sakes, would it not be better that you should be more cautious. I dread more than I can tell, his suspecting that you are watching him."

"Forgive me! I will be on my guard for the future, although you little guess how difficult the task will be. The sight of him rouses every evil passion in my nature; and I would freely give this right hand to unmask the villany in which I *know* he is engaged."

"I think I understand you. But do not condemn me as too great a coward, if I remind you that we are defenceless, and in his power."

"Would that I could forget it! For myself I fear nothing; but for you—"

"Not me only; we are all in equal danger."

"No. Miss Shirley certainly has no cause for uneasiness; she, at any rate, is safe." And there was a tinge of bitterness, almost contempt, in his tone, as the speaker glanced to where Julia stood talking gaily with her host.

Beatrice could not misunderstand the emphasis, or look; and answering his thought, she said,

"I should not like my cousin to marry that man."

"Why? He is a Count; can make her 'my lady;' and for her happiness! that is a trifle—utterly unworthy the consideration of an ambitious young lady like Miss Shirley."

"You are unkind."

"No, only true. But you? Why are you anxious in the matter? I should not think you have so many kindnesses to be grateful for, as should endear your cousin to you."

"Perhaps not; we have not been long together. But I fear, detest the Count, and would do anything to save Julia from him; and you will help me, will you not?"

"Against her wish?"

"It would not be."

"It would. You must not judge her by yourself."

"*Why?*"

And the girl raised her eyes inquiringly; but the glance that met them, so full of admiration and tenderness, bent them at once again to earth, and with a blush that covered cheek, throat, and brow with crimson, she turned away, her heart beating thick and fast, like a bird's in the grasp of a falconer.

By this time the boats were ready; the voyagers dividing themselves into two parties, George Conyers attaching himself to Julia's; but at the last moment, just as they shoved off, he feigned to think the little craft overloaded, and lest the ladies' safety should be imperilled (and he looked at Miss Shirley as he spoke,) he sprang out and leaped into the other, already occupied by Beatrice and Sir James Shirley.

Gladly would Julia have recalled him, or sent her brother in his stead; but her mother was imperative, and as yet she was unprepared for open defiance. They pushed off, therefore, minus the one attraction, for the sake of which the wayward girl had urged the excursion.

So out and away over the dancing sea, went the boats, dipping and gliding like living creatures at play; and Beatrice, oppressed with a strange, new sense of happiness that was almost painful, leaned over the side, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the water, unconscious that she herself was an object of the greatest attraction to the helmsman, a man of very superior manner and appearance to the rowers.

Slightly built, and rather below the middle height, there was little, at a first glance, to excite attention in the young sailor; but his air and movements were so graceful, and his countenance so handsome, that few could look a second time upon him without interest. His eyes were of a deep, bright brown, clear and pure as the windows of a leal and generous (though oft-times troubled) spirit should be; while the hair, whiskers, and moustache bore the rich chestnut tint that scarce any but poets and painters ever see; and his complexion, strange to English eyes, was of that olive hue which the sun loves to bestow with his caresses, upon his favored children of the South. Add to this, that over the whole was cast an undefinable shade of sadness, and the helmsman's portrait is complete.

Strange how a sad, sweet countenance haunts us long after a brilliant beauty is forgotten, and how the melancholy of which we know not the cause, weighs down our spirits by an unexplainable sympathy!

Was it this, or the presentiment of coming evil, that held George and his companions so silent, as, propelled by the swift oars of the sturdy crew, they glided rapidly from shore?

Oh, "the sea, the sea, the wide, the fresh, the ever free,"—the changing, yet eternal sea, with its rocks and shoals, its triumphant waves, its soleman calms, its mighty and majestic storms—oh, where is the language grand and rich enough to express its strength, and its glory, its beauty and terror! From earliest ages, men have written and sung of its charms, yet every fresh generation finds new attractions to laud.

And upon that bright day of which I write, it was so inexpressibly lovely, the sky above so intensely blue, and the water below so perfect a reflection of it, that the little vessel seemed to float through mid-heaven, the hemispheres being only divided for its passage.

But towards noon, a gradual, and at first almost imperceptible change crept over the scene.

It was not a cloud or a mist, only a shadow that stole up and dulled the brightness; but after awhile it strengthened, and cast a strange, mysterious dimness upon the glowing azure.

By-and-by the gloom deepened, the wind came past in sudden gusts, whispering and agitating the water; while, presently, a dark pall seemed drawn over the radiance, shutting out light and warmth, and wrapping the world in its shroud-like embrace.

Aroused by an exclamation from Beatrice, who shivered beneath the changed, chill skies, the helmsman shook off his lethargy, and springing up, looked anxiously around.

The companion boat had rounded the point towards which both had been steering, and was safe in the bay; while at the very moment when the laggards became sensible of danger, a keen, arrowy flash of lightning cleft the dark clouds above, and a low growl of thunder muttered angrily in the distance.

Great heavy drops of rain began to fall; the wind, as if awakened from sleep, rushed furiously by to take its place in the contest; and in a very few minutes the fearful war of the elements commenced in earnest.

With an imperative gesture, and uneasy glance to the sky, the helmsman signed to the rowers, and they, thoroughly aware of the peril, strained every nerve to the task before them.

With a trembling heart, Beatrice looked in the faces round, and asked,

"Are we in danger?"

"Of a wetting?" said one of the rowers. "Oh, ay, it'll come down pretty sharpish, I guess. Best wrap summit thicker round ye nor that muslin thing ye've got on now."

"Yes, yes; here is my coat!" cried George, stripping it off, and folding it round her. "I ought to have thought of it before."

"And mine," said the helmsman, tearing off his rough pea-jacket. "Nay, don't refuse," he continued vehemently. "It will keep your feet dry; and I would leap into the sea to protect or comfort you!"

Before Beatrice could reply, or, indeed, thoroughly understand these passionate words, the entire boat seemed enveloped in electric fire, so near and vivid was the lightning; and all lesser sound was lost in the majestic thunder.

Shuddering less from cold than awe, Beatrice drew closer to her companions. Never in her whole life before had she been in such imminent peril; and now, while she clasped her nerveless fingers together and tried to pray, she found her lips refuse their office, her mind refuse to obey her, so far as to frame a coherent petition.

In an agony of distress she turned to George, who half knelt, half sat beside her, and whispered,

"Pray for me! Pray! I cannot!"

With a violent effort, Conyers strove to collect his thoughts sufficiently to comply with her request; but it was with great difficulty he mastered them enough to repeat a prayer.

Meanwhile, the sky grew blacker and angrier, lit up every minute as it was by the terrible lightning, which, in flashes of blue, amber, and crimson, darted from its impenetrable depths into the bosom of the seething ocean below; while the waves, lashed into fury by the wind, threatened each moment to engulf or overwhelm the helpless boat.

White as marble, and almost as silent, sat the terror-stricken Beatrice.

In presence of those brave men, whose every nerve was being racked to save her, the girl felt it would be shame to shriek and cry, and so she sat moveless and speechless, her heart only speaking with God.

And still the storm raged on.

For a weary time, the tempest-stricken boat made little or no way, the sail was furled closely to the mast, and oars were useless.

Far, far ahead was the longed-for haven, the only chance of safety; but alas! in such a sea what hope was there of reaching it.

The question was in every heart; and Beatrice, looking into the stern countenances before her, read the answer.

May heaven have pity on them, for the girl knows now, there is no other hope!

And still the worst has not come yet—or, at any rate, they have not discovered it.

But, by-and-by, the fearful knowledge dawns.

Kneeling down to wrap Beatrice closer from the rain, George found an undue quantity of water, and pausing an instant, with his finger resting on one spot, felt it gurgle up from a leak caused by the violence of the storm.

Something in the blank dismay of his face as he lifted it to the light, betrayed the fatal truth to the rest, and a low, deep groan acknowledged it.

And now, for the first time powerless to restrain the expression of her terror, Beatrice cried aloud in agony.

But aided by a brief lull in the storm, the boat, impelled by the superhuman efforts of her crew, shot like an arrow through the waves, into the calmer water beyond.

A wild scream of thanksgiving, as involuntary as that of her horror had been, burst from Beatrice's white lips.

"We are safe!—we are safe! Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven!"

But, alas for her, and for all, the danger was not past; for, slowly at first, quickly now, the water welled up, and the boat was sinking fast.

Each looked in his neighbor's face, livid with despair, and saw on it the shadow of the inviable angel, whose wing was over each.

The lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, and the cold waves caressed and licked their feet. Swiftly as the oarsmen rowed, death came more swiftly still, and the water-logged craft sank lower and lower.

Suddenly, her face awfully calm and white, Beatrice rose and began to pray aloud; voice had returned, although her senses wandered; but ere George could reach to reseat her, the boat swerved a little, she lost her balance, and fell overboard.

In an instant, uttering a wild and bitter cry, the young helmsman sprang forward to her rescue; and ere any could interfere to save or to prevent, the surging waves closed over both, and the tempest raged on with aggravated fury.

CHAPTER VIII.

Horatio. Look, my lord, it comes!
Hamlet. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned;
Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak with thee. I'll call thee Hamlet—
King—father—Royal Dane. Oh, answer me!
* * * * * * *
Mar. But go not with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not.
Ham. Why? What should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that?
—*Hamlet.*

When Beatrice next awoke to life and consciousness, she felt herself borne rapidly onwards through the air, a strong arm round her, and a warm, vigorous heart beating against her own.

Strangely bewildered and confused, the roar of the waters from which she had been rescued still in her ear, she opened her eyes full upon the anxious, ardent orbs above her; and when, rapturous with joy at the sight, George pressed her closer to him, exclaiming in passionate accents,

"Beatrice, dear, dear girl, you are safe—you are with me!"

The vivid blush which mantled her colorless cheek, showed that his words were thoroughly understood, and, as he thought, not wholly unwelcome.

Be that as it may, they certainly aroused the maidenly delicacy which in so fair a nature as that of Beatrice Lyle can never long lie dormant; and ere the glowing blush died out, Beatrice had striven to release herself from the embrace which caused it.

But the effort was vain—the first movement brought on the deathly faintness which had before subdued her; and, like a broken lily, her head fell back against the young man's shoulder.

Inexpressibly alarmed, George redoubled his exertions, and at last, to his infinite relief, reached the castle, where, thanks to William's foresight, all was prepared for the sufferer's reception.

A very short time before the hot fire, in presence of which she was immediately laid, sufficed, with the aid of stimulants, to restore the young heiress to the full possession of her senses; and then her first inquiry was for particulars of her escape.

"Dear Julia," she said to her cousin, who, during the last hour, had exhibited a thoughtfulness and presence of mind for which few would have given her credit—"how is it that I am here now, safe and almost well, when my last memory is of the cold, dark waves, which seemed closing over me forever?"

"Ah! do you remember nothing since?"

"No; the last thing I clearly recollect, is our being at sea in a furious storm; that the boat leaked, and that I stood up—I cannot tell why—and stretched out my arms to save myself—lost my footing, and fell overboard. Then, somehow, I fancied another person was beside me, and that a strong arm seized and upheld me for a moment. I saw a flash of crimson lightning, and breathed a prayer for mercy. Then the grasp which supported me relaxed, and I fell down deeper and deeper—the waves roared in my ears—the light went from my eyes, and I remember no more!"

"Poor child, you have had a narrow escape! But how was it that none of you saw the signals we made to you?"

"Signals! What signals?"

"To return. Of course you remember how far our boat was ahead of yours, and can easily understand that when out farther at sea, signs of the approaching tempest were visible to the crew, who instantly put about and made for the shore, showing signals to you the while."

"We never saw them."

"So it seems; although how you managed not to do so is a mystery. However, we believed that you had seen them; and as we knew that any delay might be fatal to ourselves, we pushed on, passed the point, and lingered in the calmer water of the bay, expecting every moment to see you join us."

"We did not!"

"No—you followed; but just as our men, satisfied of your safety, bent to their oars again, William discovered that something was wrong on board your vessel; and in a minute after, Count Orsini, who really behaved like a hero, declared that it was sinking; and being himself at the helm, turned our boat in the right direction to reach, and, if possible, save you. A dozen strokes had scarcely been taken, when a figure, which I knew to be yours, sprang up in the sinking boat, and, as might have been expected, quickly fell into the sea; while another moved, one would have thought, by the same impulse, followed instantly, leaving us in doubt as to whether the act were designed or accidental. Another minute, however, and by the light of a brilliant flash we saw a man struggling with the waters, and holding you in his grasp; then, as if unable to contend longer with their fury, he seemed to loosen his hold; and, while every second brought us nearer and nearer to the rescue, he and his burden disappeared from sight."

"Ah! I remember!" said Beatrice, shuddering, as she covered her face with her hands. "I feel the horror of that moment now."

"I do not wonder. Happily, we were in time to prevent any greater catastrophe, for when next the waves cast up your deliverer, we were at hand to preserve him and you."

"And the others?—are they saved?"

"Yes; we were able to take papa on board at once, and the rest managed to keep the boat afloat until we landed, and sent it back for them."

After this explanation, the cousins remained some minutes silent, each occupied with her own thoughts; then making an effort to shake them off, Julia said,

"How little curiosity you have, Beatrice! You have never even asked the name of your deliverer."

"Have I not?" said the speaker, crimsoned. "How very ungrateful! Tell me now; who was it?"

"Ah! that I do not know myself!"

"No?"

"Indeed I do not! He was a perfect stranger to me, although not so apparently to you."

"Then it was not Mr. Conyers? I thought—I fancied that it was he who—"

"Had played the adventurous knight, for your benefit? No, it was a stranger—a very dark and very handsome man, whom I certainly never saw before. Some Welsh prince in disguise, I daresay. I wish you joy of the conquest."

"Very dark? Oh, then it must have been the young fisherman who steered our boat. But surely—though I but dimly remember—it was not he who brought me here?"

"No; he was so utterly exhausted, that Mr. Conyers would not permit him to have the additional fatigue of carrying you home."

"Poor fellow! it was very generous of him to risk his life for me. Where is he? I should like to thank him."

"I do not know, but I see Mr. Conyers below. I will go and ask him. Meanwhile, lie still, and try to sleep."

Beatrice obeyed, and awoke so thoroughly refreshed and invigorated, that her aunt and Julia yielded to her earnest entreaties, and permitted her to join the rest of the party at dinner."

Here, of course, the morning's adventure was the sole theme of conversation; and after an interval, the heroine ventured to inquire for her deliverer.

"I wish, with all my heart, I could tell you where he is," said William; "but I have no idea. I have seen nothing of him since we parted on the beach, when George, seeing how completely he was done up, refused to allow him to carry you here—a task on which he seemed bent. I begged him then to come with us, and have some restoratives; but he declined, and went off, no one knows where."

"Have you asked everybody?"

"Yes; but cannot find a trace of him."

"Surely nothing can have happened! Can he be ill?"

"I hope not. I have set Pedro on the track; and to-morrow, if he does not succeed in discovering him, I must crave your help, Count."

"I shall be most happy to give it," replied Orsini, awkwardly. "Although where you fail, Mr. Shirley, I have little hope of succeeding; especially if, as I fancy, the object of your search is an eccentric being, who lives somewhere in the neighboring county, coming and going with about the same regularity as the winds."

"You know him then?"

"By hearsay, as I know a hundred others."

"Oh, I hope we shall find him! I am so anxious to thank him for his gallantry!" cried Beatrice.

"I fear you will be disappointed. If your deliverer is the person I suppose, I think it is more than likely that you will never see him again."

"Why?—why?"

Orsini did not answer, but turned abruptly away, as if weary of the subject; and George and Beatrice, who, unknown to each other, watched him narrowly, felt equally convinced that he knew more than he chose to say, and that the brave helmsman was no stranger to their host.

It was impossible, however, to pursue the matter further, and so the conversation languished and dropped.

The evening that ensued was long and weary to the orphan. Now that the excitement was over, she began to feel the morning's fatigue extremely, and longed for the rest she yet feared to seek—the hour for which would take her again into her lonely, desolate chamber, and consign her to solitude and nameless terrors.

Oppressed with vague misgivings, the poor girl lingered upon the threshold of her cousin's brighter room; and it was with evident reluctance that, after the lagging good-nights were said, she traversed the gloomy corridor which led to the north-east front of the castle, attended by the French maid.

"Ah, mademoiselle, how cold, how dreadfully cold it is—like a grave!" said Adele, as she looked round the dark, cheerless apartment. "It frightens me!"

"And me also, Adele; but such fears are weak and foolish, fitter for children than us, who call ourselves rational beings. See! when you are gone I shall lock this door, and then nothing human can enter. As for ghosts, I need not fear them; for, as I have done them no harm, why should they hurt me?"

"Mademoiselle has much courage."

"Alas, no! I am a grievous coward. But do you not agree with me as to my security?"

To this interrogation the maid only replied by a deprecatory shrug; and the lady repeated her question anxiously.

"Don't you think I am safe, Adele?"

"Mademoiselle thinks so, and she is always right."

Seeing that it was in vain to seek a confirmation of her own words from the French-woman, Beatrice proceeded with her toilette, and, when it was concluded, dismissed Adele, fastened the door, and sprang hastily into bed.

Contrary to her expectation, she fell asleep immediately, and did not wake until the castle clock commenced striking twelve, when she perceived that the room was filled with that peculiar light which is imparted by the moon when her rays do not fall directly into the chamber, but its darkness is brightened by the reflection of radiance without,—a light in which everything is visible, although nothing defined. And as the young girl lay quietly on her pillow she counted the iron strokes of the hour, as one by one they clanged harshly on the night air.

As the last stroke died away, but while its vibrations still echoed, a shadow passed between her and the window. Breathless with terror, she gazed forward, and saw that a tall, slight figure, draped in white, stood by her side.

Almost paralyzed by fear, Beatrice could neither speak nor move; and the spectre—if such it really were—gliding nearer, exclaimed, in a hollow voice,

"Beatrice! Beatrice!"

A power which she could not resist, compelled the awe-stricken girl to answer, and she murmured, inarticulately,

"I hear. Who are you?"

"Your mother."

"Ah!" And the listener sprang up, terror for a moment giving place to affection.

"Touch me not," said the figure, receding a step, and waving back the arms outstretched towards it. "None may touch the dead permitted to revisit earth, and live."

"But—"

"Silence, and hear me! By the endurance of fearful tortures I have purchased the right to become visible and speak to you in mortal language. Render not my agonies fruitless by wasting the minutes allotted to me in idle questioning."

"Speak! I listen."

"So, well! I am here to warn you."

"Of whom?"

"Of him in whose power you are, now placed—of himself, his house, his servants, all that belongs to him. Avoid them; shun all knowledge of their deeds and secrets; for, though sinless in themselves, they would bring earthly and eternal ruin upon you. And as you value your own well-being and the repose of my soul, which anxiety for you deprives of rest, breathe not a word of aught you may hear, see, or suspect while in this place."

"Why?"

"Question not, but obey! or the consequences will be terrible."

With these words the phantom vanished—or at least seemed to disappear thus suddenly as it had come, without the slightest sound or warning, and Beatrice was again alone, although it was long before she could realize the fact, for her heart beat thick, and cold drops of perspiration stood upon her brow, as the wind stirred in the old chamber, and moved the heavy draperies, until they looked to her excited fancy, like the waving of ghostly hands in mournful warning; and when the owl, that made its home in the ivy-covered turret close by, hooted loudly as it flew past the window, the girl shrieked in terror, and buried her face in the pillow, to shut out the dreadful sights and sounds she fancied acting around her.

At last, the first faint light of morning appeared in the east, and of all who hailed its advent with joy and thankfulness, surely none had greater cause for doing so than Beatrice Lyle.

As early as it was possible to do so, without exciting attention, the orphan left her chamber, and descended to the dining-room, already occupied by George Conyers, who, startled by her extreme pallor, exclaimed, anxiously, as he advanced to meet her,

"What is the world is the matter, Miss Lyle? How fearfully ill you look! Surely, surely your accident yesterday was more serious than you permitted us to believe?"

"My accident?" in tones of amazement. "Oh! I remember now; but it seems so long ago, that I had almost forgotten it."

"Forgotten it! Then, indeed, something serious must have happened since we parted last night, when it was the subject uppermost in all our minds."

"No; but—"

She did not complete her sentence, only shivered, and turned away; then sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

Greatly distressed and alarmed, George approached her, saying almost beseechingly,

"You are in sorrow. You promised to look upon me as a friend. May I not claim that promise now?"

"No, no!"

"Why?"

"Because it is impossible."

"What makes it so?"

"Everything. I cannot—I dare not tell you."

"Who prevents it? What can you mean? What can have happened?"

"Nothing—nothing at least, that would interest you."

"Nay, now you are unjust."

"I know it; but I am so miserable—so thoroughly wretched."

"And yet you will not tell me the cause."

"Because I dare not."

"So you said before; but who forbids it?"

"Do not ask me—oh, do not ask me!"

The inexpressible misery of the girl's face, as she said this, touched her companion deeply, and he answered, in accents of great emotion,

"Forgive my pressing a subject evidently so unwelcome to you, but it is impossible for me to see you suffering thus, and make no effort to comfort you, or assist you. I know not—I cannot even guess what has occurred, either to occasion your grief or silence; but this I *do* know—that secrets kept from a mistaken sense of honor are often fatal to the happiness of those who keep them. If any such have unfortunately fallen into your hands, I beseech you to think well before you risk your peace—it may be, integrity—by persisting in concealment."

"I have thought."

"And decided upon trusting yourself to your own guidance?"

"No, no! But what can I do?"

"Consult some one; if not me, some one in whom you have greater confidence."

"That would be impossible. Oh! if I only knew whether it were right and safe to speak!"

"Safe to whom? Yourself—me—who?"

"To both."

"I thank you for your care for my safety, Miss Lyle,"—and there was a scarcely perceptible curl of the moustached lip; "but it would be greater kindness to me at this moment to dismiss all thought of it. *I fear nothing.*"

"Nor will I then, if—" She paused suddenly, glanced fearfully round, then looked anxiously in his face.

He caught and understood her meaning at once.

"If I will pledge myself never, under any circumstances, or to anybody, to reveal what you entrust to me, without your expressed and explicit permission? If that be all, I *do* pledge myself—give you the solemn word of one who never lied to man or woman, that every syllable you confide to me shall be as if spoken to the dead! Does that suffice?—are you content?"

"Perfectly!"

And then, safe in the promise she felt would be inviolate, Beatrice related the events of the night fully and frankly.

"It is very strange!" said George, who had listened with the greatest attention and surprise. "Tell me, Miss Lyle, what is your own impression of the affair."

"I scarcely know. I cannot disbelieve the evidence of my own senses; and yet it seems most improbable that God should permit the spirits of the dead to revisit earth for no purpose save to frighten the living."

"It does."

"You do not believe in supernatural visitations?"

"*Not in this, decidedly!*"

"Ah!" cried the girl, brightening inexpressibly; "then you do not think it was my mother, and that in speaking thus to you, I disobey her?"

"*I do not!* I think Mrs. Lyle has no more to do with the matter than I have. If she had, does it not appear to you that the benevolent Power which permitted her to leave her rest, in order to warn you of danger, would have employed her agency *before*, instead of *after*, the danger was incurred?"

"Certainly!"

"Then it follows that the apparition was

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an hour more, pleased and carried out for the worst purpose."

"By whom?"

"Who else than he who prepared us for all unusual sights and sounds, upon the plea that the house was haunted; whose uneasiness at the report of your dream was plainly visible to us all, and spoke out when his own servant warned you are you entered this evil place?"

"The Count?"

"Yes. Who, but he, can be carrying on illegal measures, or traffic, of which, at present, we know nothing, but which might be ruined by your discovery, and betrayal of the secrets of the house? How much deeper in treason has he, than your mother could possibly have, in securing your secrecy."

"Then you think it was he who came to my room?"

"He, or one of his agents."

"Horrible—horrible!"

"Yes, dear lady; but not half so horrible as that which they would fain make you believe; for whereas the one, being beyond our comprehension, is beyond our means of self-defence, the other being human, can and shall be detected and punished!"

"How?"

"That I cannot tell yet. I must have time to think. Give me an opportunity of speaking to you after breakfast; and in the meantime be on your guard, and let no one see that you suspect anything. Now, I am going on the beach until they all come down to breakfast; for it will be better that we should not be seen together. Good-bye; keep up your spirits, and trust to me. A thousand thanks for the confidence you have reposed in me, and believe that while I live I will do all in my power to deserve it!"

The morning meal passed without any occurrence or conversation worthy of remark; and afterwards, none of the party having the slightest desire to tempt the sea again, the horses and carriages were ordered, and they set forth on an expedition into the country.

The goal proposed was a fine old ruin several miles distant; and among the narrow and rather intricate lanes which led to it, George managed to approach Beatrice unobserved, and whisper to her a request to hang back, and at the first opportunity, turn her horse's head in the direction of home, promising to rejoin her as soon as possible.

She obeyed, and in a few moments found him by her side.

"Well," she said, eagerly, "have you thought of anything?—have you fixed on any plan?"

"No, not decidedly. Before we can do so we ought to be in possession of all the information that can possibly be gained; and the first step towards getting it, is, I think, to search the castle thoroughly."

"What do you expect to find there?"

"I scarcely know. Perhaps, an entrance into that mysterious north tower, towards which my suspicions very strongly point, or, better still, some other mode of admittance into your apartment than that generally used, and which you fastened safely, did you not?"

"I did, indeed; I secured both lock and bolt most carefully. Besides, the figure appeared on the other side of the room, and neither came nor went through the door, I am certain."

"Ha! that is important; for if, as we believe, the ghost is material—a creature of flesh and blood—it could not have glided through the key-hole, but must have had some ostensible entrance, either from the corridor or one of the adjoining rooms. Who sleeps next to you?"

"No one; mine is the end room on that side the castle, having the outer wall on two sides, on the third is the corridor, and on the fourth some lumber rooms."

"Then it is there, on that side, we must search. Does it face the north?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You may depend upon it that if we can once make our way into those rooms, the rest will be easy."

"Heaven grant it! For the idea of being in the power of lawless and evil men, whose very paths are secret, makes me tremble. But now, are we safe in returning thus?—will not the servants suspect something, seeing us so soon, and alone?"

"I hope we shall escape them. We will leave our horses in that little ruined court on this side the castle, where it is a million chances to one, no creature goes from month's end to month's end; then pass in through the broken postern; and, if any one meets us, you must plead a sudden indisposition, and I must have returned to escort you. If not, we will go straight to our work."

As George hoped and expected, they reached the court unobserved, fastened up their horses, and then commenced a rigid examination of the exterior of the building.

It was old and time-worn, and a great part, especially the north tower, much out of repair. The windows of this were encrusted with the dirt and dust of ages, and as well as everything else, presented a most desolate and deserted aspect. There was but one door on this side, and that was unusually massive, and strongly protected by iron plates, upon which all George's efforts made no impression; while he perceived, to his amazement, that the lock was of the newest construction, and that, although the paint on the door was dim and old, yet that it was perfectly free from the coat of dust which clouded the windows.

There was not much in this; yet as it was the first thing they had discovered, it raised George's spirits greatly, and with heightened expectations of success, he led the way into the house.

Here, however, the search was entirely fruitless. Not a trace or clue to anything but what was patent to every eye was to be found; and except the door which the Count had himself shown them, there was not a way of entrance into the north tower.

Nothing now remained but to examine Beatrice's chamber; and while she undertook this duty herself, George remained below.

Carefully, inch by inch, over floor and wall —as high as she could reach, the young girl searched, but unsuccessfully. There was but little furniture, the dark boards were carpetless, the walls free from arras or tapestry; so that unless a portion of the panelling itself was movable, there was no discoverable method of ingress to the chamber, except the usual one.

Disappointed and chagrined, Beatrice returned at last to her companion, who met her, saying, "You have been baffled also? Well, never mind; I scarcely dared to hope it would be otherwise. You may depend upon it, men would not play so hazardous a game as this without being fully prepared against surprise and discovery. But in the craftiest web there is always a flaw, and we shall find it yet. Do not despond; remember Bruce's spider, and how often it fell."

The girl smiled faintly; she was dispirited and heartsick. The mysteries and terrors of the few last days weighed on her painfully.

And George saw it, but continued cheerfully—"Now, having had our trouble for our pains, let us indulge in a gallop for our pleasure, and go back and scour the moors. To-night you must secure your door as usual, and when all the house is at rest, I will come and watch in the corridor. Should anything appear, unfasten the door, if possible; or if you cannot, call aloud on me, and though I break through a thousand obstacles, I will go to your rescue."

"Ah!" answered Beatrice, blushing deeply —for the tone, even more than the words, was eloquent,—"if it be absolutely needful, we will try the plan to-morrow; but for this one night at least, I will see what I can do alone."

To this George gave an apparent consent, although he mentally resolved to keep watch; and guard her from whatever danger should threaten.

Slowly, even more slowly than the previous night, did this heavy day pass to the young heiress; but at length evening came, and after a last encouraging look from Conyers, she retired to her own apartment.

This time, she only removed her evening dress and ornaments, and wrapping a large shawl round her, threw herself upon the bed, to await in anguish and terror a repetition of the last night's horror.

And in due time it came.

Again, without sound or token, the white robed figure stood beside her, and in stern accents reproached her for her disobedience, in having betrayed the confidence she had been bidden to preserve.

The poor girl trembled in every limb, but summoning all her courage to her aid, faltered forth, "Oh, mother, if it is indeed you, do not treat me so harshly! Rather say why you did not warn me *before* I entered this fatal house, instead of *now*, when it is too late?"

"Wretched, ungrateful being," answered the spectre, in very unghostlike tones, "little you merit the agonies I have endured for your sake; but this is the last time I will incur them. After to-night, I leave you to the fate you have provoked, only first bidding you beware, that if you persist in setting my will at defiance, and betraying what I have commanded you to conceal, the consequences will be terrible, and my next appearance, in fire and storm, fatal to you and to your friends."

With these words, the apparition glided round the curtain at the head of the bed and disappeared, while Beatrice—now thoroughly certain that whoever the intruder might be, it was human—made a great effort to rally her courage, and springing quietly up, followed the receding figure.

As is not unusual in very old houses, the bed stood a few paces from the wall, and as Miss Lyle reached it, she observed a sharp, narrow line of light glitter through the very centre of a richly moulded panel, that she well remembered to have sounded carefully during her morning's search.

Laying her hand upon it, she pressed the woodwork firmly, and as she expected, found it move.

Without a moment's hesitation or misgiving, Beatrice continued the pressure—felt the panel slide back into the wall—and then, murmuring a fervent prayer to heaven for protection, passed through the aperture.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW HE BROUGHT IN HIS GAME.—A miner at Pike's Peak, took his gun and strayed a short distance from the camp and shot a cub, not observing at the time the old bear, who was near at hand, ready to avenge the death of her offspring. The hunter approached his game with an exultant air, glowing in his success, and anticipating the astonishment of his companions to see him march into their midst with an ample supply of tender bear's meat, when, to his surprise, he saw a large bear bounding towards him, and much determined to demolish him at a single meal.

Our hero dropped his gun, and started off like a frightened deer down the hill. His companions saw him coming, tearing through the brush, and inquired the cause of his great haste, to which he replied, "*Get your guns ready for a shot; the old woman is bringing her right into camp.*" The bear beat a retreat at the appearance of reinforcements, and our hero sank exhausted on the ground, in the midst of his startled fellows.

LIFE IN THE GOLD REGIONS.—Among the deep defiles of the Rocky Mountains, lately, a small company of men stood around the newly made grave of a dead companion. With heads uncovered, they listened attentively to the words of the preacher as he offered up a prayer. While in the midst of it, one of the company discovered "the color" in the earth at his feet thrown up to make room for the remains of the deceased. In a loud whisper he communicated the rather exciting intelligence to his companion. All heard it, even the clergyman, who, suspending his prayer, opened his eyes to see the auditory scatter in every direction to stake off gold claims. Calling in a loud voice to stake him off a "claim," he reckoned his own the largest, hastily concluded his prayer, and started off on a run to join his fellows in securing a claim.

☞ God has not taken so much pains in framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by Him to live in it should despise it.

☞ As the sword of the best tempered metal is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous.

LATE NEWS.

CALIFORNIA.—The tone of the entire California press is decidedly for the Union—one or two being in favor of separation, or an independent republic.

GEORGIA.—The Convention have adopted resolutions declaring first, the right and duty of Georgia to secede, and second, the appointment of a committee of seventeen to report an ordinance of secession. The vote on the adoption stood yeas 165, nays 130.

The Savannah Republican announces that, in consequence of the obstructions in Charleston harbor, the steamers formerly plying between that port and New York, will hereafter go to Savannah, and have their passengers transported to Charleston over the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. A number of foreign vessels bound to Charleston, have been forced to go to Savannah.

ALABAMA.—Official returns from all but five counties in Alabama, of the vote cast for delegates to the State Convention have been received. They compare with the vote cast in the same counties in November last, for Presidential electors.

For Presidential Electors.—Breckinridge, 46,297; Bell, 56,703; Douglas, 11,667. Total vote in all but five counties, 84,668.

For Delegates to State Convention.—Secession, 35,776; co-operation, 26,266. Total vote in all but five counties, 62,042. Falling off in the vote, 22,574.

FLORIDA.—Senator Iverson received advices on the 18th from Pensacola that Fort Pickens will be smashed. Fort Pickens has recently been garrisoned by the Federal Government; the secessionists are now in possession of Fort Barrancas and the Navy Yard.

MISSOURI.—ST. LOUIS, Jan. 18.—In the House, yesterday, Mr. Stevenson's substitute to the Convention Bill, asking Congress to call a National Convention, was lost by a vote of 90 nays to 12 yeas.

Mr. Lacey's amendment to the original bill, submitting the action of the convention to the people, was adopted, and the Bill passed—yeas 100, nays 17—all the Republicans declaring from St. Louis, except one, voting in the negative.

ARKANSAS.—That Arkansas Legislature has unanimously passed a bill submitting the Convention question to the people, to decide it as an election to be held on the 18th of February next. In case of a majority favoring it, the Governor is to appoint the day for the Convention to assemble.

PENNSYLVANIA.—HARRISBURG, Jan. 18.—Speaker Palmer, of the Senate, and Hon. Gideon J. Ball, of the House, left this morning to Maryland by Gov. Curtin, returned last night from Annapolis. They express themselves highly gratified with their interview with Gov. Hicks—who is described as being thoroughly devoted to the Union.

NEW YORK.—A bill has been introduced in the Assembly, recommending a gradual and compensated emancipation of the slaves in the border States within forty years, and the colonization of the blacks in Liberia. Referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

A bill was also introduced making it a felony to sell stores, munitions of war, &c., to any one representing a State that has seceded from or is in rebellion to the United States; or to loan money to such States or their agents; or to hire himself or other persons to aid such States; and the same to be punishable by from two to ten years' imprisonment. Referred to the Committee on Public Defence.

LOUISIANA.—NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 18.—The programme for the Louisiana secession has been agreed upon by the leading members of the Convention. Arrangements are making with the seceding States to hold a general convention at Montgomery, on the 20th of February, to devise a plan for the new confederacy, adopt the Federal Constitution, claim the title of a republic, and ask recognition by the European Powers. The United States forts at the mouth of the Mississippi will be largely reinforced, and it is contemplated to put out privateers if coercion is attempted by the Government.

MASSACHUSETTS.—BOSTON, *Jan.* 18.—The Legislature has unanimously passed resolutions tendering the President such aid, in men and money, as he may need to maintain the honor and dignity of the general government. The preamble declares that South Carolina has committed an act of war.

The Senate has passed a bill authorizing an increase of the volunteer military of the State. It will doubtless pass the House to-morrow by a large if not a unanimous vote.

A bill was introduced into the House for the enrolment and equipment of 20,000 men, to be styled the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, to continue one year, and authorizes the Governor to tender their services to the President.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—CHARLESTON, *Jan.* 14.—A resolution was passed in the Legislature to-day, by a unanimous vote, declaring any attempt made by the Federal Government to reinforce Fort Sumpter an act of open hostility and declaration of war.

Also, a resolution approving of the act, and the promptitude of the military in firing on the Star of the West, and promising support to the Governor in all measures of defence.

VIRGINIA.—The House of Delegates has passed resolutions to appoint five commissioners, to meet such commissioners as may be appointed by other States, slaveholding or non-slaveholding, to consider, and if practicable, agree upon some suitable adjustment of the present political difficulties.

The House also passed a bill appropriating one million dollars for the defence of the State, and authorizing the issue of Treasury notes to that amount, bearing six per cent. interest.

A despatch from Governor Pickens to Washington says that—"Major Anderson has five use of the markets, and the best feeling exists."—*N. Y. Times.*

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 19.—Two-thirds of the delegates to the State Convention are reported as Secessionists.

The commander of the Florida troops has telegraphed for two thousand men to aid in taking Fort Pickens, to which all the militia, &c. of the Pensacola navy yard were removed, and which is a very strong work.

PROJECTED ATTACK ON FORT PICKENS.—PENSACOLA, Jan. 18.—A force of two thousand men has been concentrated in and about the Navy Yard, under the direction of the State authorities, and troops are arriving from all directions.

The U. S. steamer Wyandotte is lying at the entrance of the harbor, and is communicating with Fort Pickens. The families of the U. S. officers stationed at the navy yard have been placed on board the steamer, which is out of coal and other supplies, but is not allowed to enter the harbor.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 19.—In reply to the demand for two thousand troops, by the Governor of Florida, the Mayor of this city sent word that the men could be raised in forty-eight hours, if Florida would equip them. The Governor of Florida replied "send them immediately."

There is great excitement here, and meetings are to be held to-morrow to raise the men.

The pilots of Pensacola have been notified not to bring in United States vessels under penalty of death.

A ship is ashore 15 miles east of Fort Pickens, supposed to be the Supply storeship, with the officers of the Pensacola Navy Yard on board.

Lieutenant Slimmer, commanding at Fort Pickens, is expected to surrender. The Florida forces have 28 heavy guns.

SECESSION IN GEORGIA.—Milledgeville, *Jan.* 19.—The State Convention to-day passed the ordinance of secession by a vote of 208 yeas to 89 nays. Judge Johnson would not vote for it or sign it.

A resolution was adopted to continue the present postal and revenue systems until ordered otherwise; also, civil Federal officers.

CHARLESTON AND FORT SUMPTER.—CHARLESTON, Jan. 19.—Lieutenant Talbot, one of Major Anderson's commissioners, arrived here last night.

He brings gloomy tidings to our citizens, looking to the maintenance of Anderson's present status, and the defence of this port.

An Executive Session of the South Carolina Cabinet was held during a great part of the night, engaged in the consideration of this action of the United States Government.

A boat under a flag of truce came from Fort Sumpter this morning. The object is said to be to demand the stoppage of the South Carolina fortifications.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—The Mayor of Boston has refused to protect Wendell Phillips and the Anti-Slavery Convention—though he says he will preserve the peace of the city; by closing the convention as is supposed.

☞ To cure hams, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

☞ Let the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself rather than the world.

☞ The storms of adversity are wholesome, though, like snow-storms, their *drifts* are not always seen.

SHARP.—Waiter (to party from the country, just seated:) "Here's a bill of fare, sir." Zekiel Green: "Neow, look a-here! Dew you think I'm going to pay any bill f'r fare till we've had nothing to eat?"

☞ TOBACCO.—A young, quiet, sensible, good-looking country lass was asked by one of the sterner sex, a few days ago, what she thought of "snuffing and smoking?" "Well," she replied, "snuffing is abominable, but I would like ma man to be a smoker." "Why?" was immediately asked. "Oh, because I see when ma father comes hame ever sae cross, as sune as he gets the pipe lichtit, and begins a blast, he's a' pleased again."

☞ We are a part of the place we are in, or rather the place becomes part of us, and our spirits are subdued or elevated to the tone of our surroundings. One is wiser in his library than in the street, and in the woods or fields than in either.

☞ Could our enemies only know how much we have forborne towards them, how would their hatred be penetrated by remorse!

☞ Between the *kiss* and the lip there is many a slip. Mr. Moyer, in attempting to kiss Miss Barnes, in June last, unfortunately caused her to fall, by which she was severely injured in her spine, so much so as to be still unable to walk. A jury recently assessed the damages at $75.—*English Paper.*

"We may live without poetry, music, or art,
We may live without friends, we may live without heart;
We may live without hope, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without books—what is learning but grieving?
We may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?

☞ BLIND MAN'S BUFF A LA FRANCAIS.—This a thoroughly romping game, and its striking peculiarity is that nobody's blinded. The hands of one of the players are fastened behind his back, and in this difficult and awkward position he endeavors to catch one of the other players. When caught, the unfortunate party submits to be bound. It is a less dangerous game than the English blindfold ones.

☞ "How many tunes can you play?" asks Timmins of a street fiddler. "Any you like to call for." "Can you play Beautiful Star?" "Yes." "Old Dog Tray?" "Yes." "Polly, put the Kettle on?" "Yes." "Evening Hymn?" "Yes." "Then play them altogether, for I'm in a hurry."

☞ There are situations that are unwholesome to the most robust constitutions, and there are professions and pursuits that are dangerous even to honest men.

A GREAT CONTRACTOR.—William H. Russell, somewhat notorious at present on account of his connection with the robbery of the Department of the Interior, is the senior member of the largest army contracting firm in the United States. He resides in Lexington, Mo., but spends the greater part of his time in Washington City, attending to that part of his business connected with the Government. He is possessed of immense wealth, having property of great value in and around Lexington, and is one of the proprietors of the Denver City line of express coaches. The firm—Russell, Majors & Waddell—have been the recipients of heavy contracts for conveying the mail to all parts of Kansas Territory, and supplying the army stationed at the Western forts and at Salt Lake City, from which they have realized immense sums. In Leavenworth they have an establishment called an outfit-house, used for storing supplies and fitting out trains, which occupies with all the out-houses and wagon-yards, over thirty-five acres of ground, and in which, on the eve of starting their trains, they employ over five thousand men. They have another of almost equal extent and magnitude in Nebraska City, to say nothing of a large wholesale establishment in both cities. Russell himself is a man hitherto of great influence in the widely extended circle of his acquaintance, and his word has been a voucher throughout the entire North-West for many a year.

NEW MOTIVE POWER.—A singular announcement appears in a Portuguese paper to the following purport:—

"To all whom it may concern: I, John Gregory, publicly declare that on the 12th and 14th days of August, 1860, I worked the locomotives Evora and Badajoz, Nos. 6 and 7, upon the railway south of Tagus, Portugal, by my patent system; each locomotive running ten kilometres at the rate of one kilometre per minute," (or 1,094 yards, which would exceed 37 miles per hour,) "*without a parcel of fuel or fire.* The patent is No. 1,910, granted me by Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, dated August 22nd, 1859. John Gregory, M. I. M. E. Supert. Railway, South of Tagus, Portugal."

FROM WASHINGTON.

Mr. Holt has been confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of War, by 38 yeas to 13 nays. The previous debate was an exciting one.

The nomination of Mr. McIntyre, as Surveyor, as Collector at Charleston, has been defeated in the Commerce Committee, and will not, therefore, be reported to the Senate. The vote in the committee stood 3 against the nomination, and 2 in favor of it. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, voted in the committee against the nomination.

The Secretary of State has informed Lord Lyons and other foreign Ministers that no clearances of vessels issued by any other authority than of United States officials will be recognized, and that any payments of duties, except to such officials, will be regarded as unpayments, for which the parties paying will be held responsible to our Government.

It is currently reported in high political circles, that South Carolina intends storming Fort Sumpter, and calculates upon aloss of many hundreds of lives. It is not believed that she can successfully small force in the fort can hold out long against a continued attack. Six hundred men is the regular complement for such a work. The present force can only, it is said, work nine guns.

The Collector of Charleston has returned his accounts to the Treasury, up to the 30th of December, and paid over the balance due to the Sub-Treasurer at the port. It is understood that the Government will give orders on the Sub-Treasurer at the port, to compensate mail contractors there, for what the Government engaged to pay them, over and above what they collected at the several local post-offices. The total thus paid by the Government last year, in the eight Cotton States, was about two millions and a quarter of dollars.

Major Anderson was not aware at the time the Star of the West entered Charleston harbor that she had on board any reinforcements or supplies for his relief. He had been led to suppose by the representations made by the Administration that it would be useless to send down to Fort Sumpter any vessel which was not armed. His telegraphs, however, were intercepted.

It is rumored that the recent despatches sent to the Gulf Squadron now off Vera Cruz, orders the concentration of the American fleet at the mouths of the Mississippi and Pensacola harbor.

Col. Hayne has been at Washington for the last week, as a messenger from Gov. Pickens, of S. C., demanding the immediate evacuation of Fort Sumpter. The President is said to have peremptorily declined, and refused to have any communication with him but in writing.

Col. Craig, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, has addressed a letter to the new Secretary of War, stating that he had transferred, by order of Secretary Floyd, during 1860, 115,000 muskets and rifles from the North to arsenals in the South—60,000 of which had been seized, while 49,000 remain in the custody of the United States in Georgia and North Carolina.

A body of two thousand Baltimoreans have been organized, and telegraphed to Gen. Scott, that they are ready to come on from that city at the shortest notice to assist in the defence of the District and the Federal Capital.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Mr. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury, opened at noon about one hundred bids for the five million loan ranging from 9 to 12 per centum.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—Lieut. Hall, of the U. S. Army, returned here from New York last night. He is now on a visit to the President and Mr. Holt, the Secretary of War, prior to receiving his final orders, before leaving for Fort Sumpter. He will depart hence to-morrow night.

It is asserted here, in Southern circles, that the moment the South Carolina authorities are officially informed of the positive determination of the Federal Government to restore the status of the forts in Charleston harbor, they will attack Fort Sumpter.

Lieut. Hall says that two rounds from the batteries of the fort will lay Fort Moultrie in ruins, while a few shells will kill all in the garrison.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, has introduced into the Senate a joint resolution declaring all the United States laws inoperative for the President in the seceded States, and directing the President to announce the same by Proclamation, in order to avert civil war.

The Kansas bill is under consideration in the Senate.

Col. Kane, Marshal of Police in Baltimore, has written to the Mayor of Washington, that the rumors to the effect that associations of armed men are being formed there for the purpose of making unlawful demonstrations at the seat of government on the 4th of March, are wholly without foundation. He says he has the fullest means of information on the subject.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Cork Examiner starts a rumor that the Prince of Wales is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but it is not generally credited.

It is reported that the correspondence between France and England, relative to the French fleet before Gaeta, is most unsatisfactory.

Affairs at Gaeta are unchanged, but it is reported that negotiations are pending for an extended armistice.

Two Sardinian vessels with war materials have been seized by Russia at Galatz.

The King of Prussia is dead.

The official Prussian Gazette announces that the Prince Regent assumes the reins of Government, as King William V.

Berlin letters say that the excitement in all the States of the German Confederation greatly resembles the agitation which preceded the events of 1848.

The Frankfort Journal asserts that early in the sitting of the Germanic Diet, a proposition will be made to call on the Cabinet at Turin for a categorical explanation relative to the decree of the Governor-General of Arconas, in which Trieste is described as an Italian town.

The Neapolitan Minister, in reply to Lord Cowley, on New Year's day, said he regretted the future with confidence, convinced that a friendly understanding between the Powers will maintain peace, which is the object of his desires.

The production of a melodrama at Paris, entitled The Massacres of Syria, from the pen of M. Mocquard, the private Secretary of the Emperor, is regarded as a political event. The Emperor went almost in State to witness the first representation of the performance. He sat most conspicuously in the front, while Marshal Brandon and other officers of high rank were immediately behind him. It was noticed that his box was ornamented with flags and warlike symbols. The great moral of the piece is, that the Eastern question is ripe for settlement, and that it can only be settled by the word of Napoleon III.

The piece is full of remarks against Turkey, and in one speech it is declared that the Emperor Napoleon is the only man to save the country. "Let him take Turkey into his own hands and regenerate her." Deafening applause followed, and the Emperor bowed.

The Opinione Nationale considers it as the knell which has sounded in the affrighted ears of Europe the last hour of Communism. The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says the performance was a great success, and has produced the effect of a musical demonstration. The funds fell on Saturday in consequence.

It is reported that the British Government had sent a strong note to Prussia against the extension of the French occupation of Syria.

A meeting of Jews, from all parts of the world, has been held in London, to consult on measures for the restoration of the child Mortara.

A treaty of Commerce between France and Belgium has been completed.

A revolutionary attempt on the night of the 30th, at Naples, was suppressed.

The Queen of Naples had left Gaeta.

The Edinburgh brings $600,000 in specie, and the Asia $1,500,000.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton has been dull owing to the advanced Bank rates, and all grades have declined 1-16@1/4d.

January 5.—Flour firm. Wheat quiet, the severe weather interfering with the removal of grain. Corn quiet, with a declining tendency.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Provisions generally quiet. Beef heavy. Pork dull. Bacon heavy and slightly declined. Lard dull. Tallow dull at 4s 5d. Produce—Pot Ashes quiet at 32s 6d. Pearls quiet. Spirits of Turpentine dull. Rosin dull at 4s 5d. Spirits of Turpentine dull.

LONDON MARKETS.—Baring's Circular says: Wheat firm and advanced 1@2s for fine qualities. Sugars heavy and 6d lower. Coffee dull and partially declined 1/2@1/4. Tea very dull and declining. Rice quiet. Tallow firm. Linseed Oil 28s 6d.

CONGRESSIONAL.

In the Senate the Crittenden resolutions have been discussed. After considerable discussion,

Mr. Bingham, of Michigan, moved that a vote be taken on Mr. Clark's motion to amend Mr. Crittenden's resolutions, by striking out the preamble and resolutions, and substituting the following:

Resolved, That the provisions of the Constitution are ample for the preservation of the Union and the protection of all the rights and interests of the country; that it ought to be observed rather than amended, and no extraction from the present difficulties can be looked for in the strenuous efforts of the Government to preserve and protect the public property and enforce the laws, rather than in new guarantees, for particular interests or compromises or concessions to unreasonable demands.

Resolved, That all attempts to dissolve the Union or overthrow the Constitution, with the expectation of constructing it anew, are dangerous and illusory, and, in the opinion of the Senate, no reconstruction is practicable, and, therefore, to the maintenance of the existing Union and Constitution should be directed all the energies of the Government.

The amendment was rejected by a vote of 25 years to 23 nays, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Anthony, Bayard, Bigler, Bingham, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Dixon, Doolittle, Durkee, Foot, Fessenden, Foster, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, King, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilson—25.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Bigler, Bragg, Bright, Clingman, Crittenden, Fitch, Green, Irwin, Johnson of Tenn., Kennedy, Lane, Latham, Mason, Nicholson, Pearce, Polk, Powell, Pugh, Rice, Saulsbury, Sebastian, Slidell—23.

SIX Senators—Messrs. Slidell, Benjamin, Wigfall, Hemphill, Johnson of Arkansas, and Iverson declined voting.

A recess was then made, and carried, to lay the subject on the table.

Mr. Cameron, at Mr. Crittenden's request, moved to reconsider, and the question came up again on the 18th, and was decided in the affirmative as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Bayard, Bigler, Bragg, Bright, Clingman, Crittenden, Douglas, Fitch, Green, Gwin, Hemphill, Hunter, Johnson of Arkansas, Johnson of Tenn., Kennedy, Lane, Latham, Nicholson, Pearce, Polk, Powell, Pugh, Rice, Saulsbury, Sebastian, Slidell—27.

NAYS—Messrs. Anthony, Baker, Bingham, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Dixon, Doolittle, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, King, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Wade, Wigfall, Wilkinson, Wilson—34.

Mr. Crittenden's resolution was then postponed, on motion of Mr. Bigler, till 1 o'clock on Monday.

In the House a bill was introduced by Mr. McLean, of New York, to repeal the law making Charleston, Georgetown, and Beaufort, in South Carolina, ports of entry, as even in time of peace, he says, it costs much more to collect the revenue at these ports than it amounts to. Mr. McLean's desire is to stop the foreign trade, and send sufficient force to blockade the harbor.

The Committee of Thirty-three have made a report, deprecating personal liberty bills, and favoring the enforcement of the laws of the Union. They propose an amendment to the Constitution, providing that no amendment thereto, interfering with slavery, shall originate in any other State than a slaveholding State, and, to be valid, shall be ratified by every State in the Union.

They also submit an enabling bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State, on an equal footing with the original States, and a fugitive slave bill which gives the right of trial by jury to the slave claiming liberty in the State whence he escaped, and releases any citizen from assisting the United States Marshal in the capture or detection of the fugitive, except when force is employed or apprehended for the release of the fugitive.

A minority report, from two of the Committee members, takes substantially the ground taken by Mr. Clark's resolutions, which passed the Senate, and were then reconsidered. Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, also takes a report, giving as a reason for withdrawing it, that a satisfactory compromise, that they had not been consulted by the Southern members of the committee.

☞ There is nothing formidable about death except the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest is too short if it does not.

☞ Many a malignant old curmudgeon, merely to gratify his hatred of his natural heirs, has bequeathed his whole estate to some public institution, and thus immortalized himself for benevolence.

☞ A man can live comfortably in China upon a penny a day.

☞ To die for truth is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the ancient statue of Venus, will pass down in many fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.

☞ Women are generally better creatures than men. Perhaps they have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman must be saved through the heart itself.

☞ The christening of the twenty-sixth child of a couple named Wonters, residing in Lierre, in Belgium, took place a short time since. Twenty-two of the children of this happy couple are now living.

NEWS ITEMS.

MR. BOWLEY, of the London Times, who was killed by the Chinese, will live in the history of journalism, as he is the first correspondent of a daily paper who has received the crown of martyrdom while engaged in his professional duties in a distant land.

THE winter is very severe in Great Britain. The London papers say the heavy snow storms and keen frosts now visiting the country find no parallel, even in the remembrance of that veracious individual, the "oldest inhabitant." No part of the kingdom appears to have escaped the visitation of winter in its severest aspect.

THE CENSUS IN CANADA.—The mode of taking the census, in Canada, is much better than ours. On a given night, every householder is required to make returns of every person sleeping on his premises on that night, together with such other information as the paper calls for.

FAMINES IN EUROPE.—It is estimated that there are 30,000 Americans in Europe, and that they spend among them a sum of $100,000,000 per annum. This amounts to the extent of the large shipments of gold made to Europe over and above the amount credited to mercantile transactions.

A POOR, half-witted mother, near St. Louis, last week placed a feather bed over her little baby to keep it warm, as she said, and smothered it.

THE railroads crossing the Western prairies are protected from drifting snow in winter by high fences, which serve in a manner to keep the cattle from the track. In the winter of 1859, before these fences were constructed, the Illinois Central Railroad Company expended $100,000 in endeavoring to keep their track clear.

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE.—The ship Albion, from London, at New York, on the 13th inst., has brought among her freight, 900 kegs of *white* gunpowder, an article said to be superior to any hitherto in use.

THE city of Liverpool, in England, used to be one of the most sickly in the world, but, owing to the scientific sanitary measures which have been carried out in it during the last few years, it has become one of the most healthy. During the past ten years there has been a reduction of 30 per cent. in the mortality bills.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, accompanied by her brother-in-law, has been spending some time in New York in making needed purchases for the White House.

By railroad accidents in 1860, there were killed in the United States 74 persons, and 315 wounded. This is the smallest number in any twelve months in the past eight years.

HENRY S. LANE, the new Governor of Ind., has been elected U. S. Senator. O. P. Morton, the Lieutenant Governor, has been sworn in as Governor.

IN a discussion on acoustics in the Institute of Architects, England, in reference to the flat surface behind a speaker, it was stated that the Bishop of Lincoln, preaching once in the open air, instead of turning his back to the wall, faced about towards it, and the result was that he was heard distinctly by several hundred persons.

MR. WREN, of Sandwich, writes as follows to Mr. Rowell, who, at the British Association, suggested the possibility of bringing down rain from the clouds at pleasure:—"I have from very early life been an assiduous experimenter with electric kites, atmospheric exploring wires, &c. Now, I beg to assure you, that I have several times happened that when my kite has been raised under a distended light fleecy cloud, at a moderate elevation, a free current of sparks has passed from the apparatus (during some ten or twelve minutes); I have suddenly found myself bedewed with a descent of fine misty rain; and, on looking up, have seen the cloud upon which I was operating surprisingly reduced in magnitude."

SAN FRANCISCO *Times* and *Herald*.—The last mention of the Golden State is a plan to make white dogs useful. Your San Francisco can seize up his white cur, and with stencil plate and black ink, inscribe his business card on each side of the wretched pup, and sends him forth a quadrupedal locomotive advertisement—a doggerotype of the fast people of a fast country, in a fast age. It is reckoned that a lively dog would be worth at least ten dollars per day, or equal to a quarter of a column in a newspaper.

PRINCE ALFRED.—Prince Alfred, of England, as the heir presumptive of the Coburg-Gotha Crown, is expected at Goths early in the spring of the coming year. His Royal Highness will reside in the palace of Rosenau, and, in consequence of the expressed wish of the Duke, is to be forthwith initiated into the duties of government.

FAT OIL BITTERS.—The London Chemical News states that hundreds of barrels of the clarified fat of horses are imported from Ostend to England, and sold in London for genuine butter. Pies and puddings made of such a sacred substance must be very tempting to epicures.

PEONAGE IN NEW MEXICO.

The representative of New Mexico in Congress publishes a long letter in vindication of that Territory on the subject of peonage. He says:

"I deny that peonage, as it exists in New Mexico, is a modified slavery, or any slavery at all. It is merely a system of apprenticeship or temporary voluntary servitude, whereby a man is enabled to borrow money or other value create a debt, and to pledge his personal service, at a stipulated rate of hire, as security for the payment thereof. The law authorized the making of the contract, and enforces its fulfilment, giving to the peon the privilege of changing from one temporary owner of his services to another whenever he becomes oppressed or unfairly treated. This change is made by a facile and unexpensive legal process, which is accessible and attainable by the humblest peon. There may be cases found it necessary or convenient to enter into that condition of temporary servitude. I deny that there is anything debasing in this system. The social and political *status* of an individual is not affected by his entering into the condition of a peon. His right of suffrage and all other civil rights remain unimpaired. There is no entailment of his services upon his family or any member thereof. It is simply a voluntary engagement to render personal service at a stated hire for a valuable consideration. It is an obligation entered into with the entire will of the obligator, which may be satisfied and discharged by him at any moment, upon the payment of the debt on which the obligation was founded. This system has none of the elements or attributes of slavery."

HONEST BOTTLER.—It is a common practice for bottle-blowers to manufacture for wine merchants bottles called twelve, or thirteen, or fourteen, or fifteen to the dozen, the meaning of which is, that 15 bottles of those called "fifteen to the dozen" hold no more than 12 honest bottles of the size called twelve to the dozen. Now, 12 honest bottles ought to hold two gallons of wine, *besides leaving room for working;* but if you buy wine in these dishonest bottles, at, say 32s. per doz., you must get one dozen and 3 bottles, at a cost of 40s., in order to have the same quantity as 12 honest bottles will hold. In buying wine, then, in such bottles, you will have been grossly cheated; for you will have been led to suppose you were only paying 32s. when you were really paying 40s. per doz.—*London Paper.*

THE BEE IN CALIFORNIA.—Since the extensive importation and production of bees in California, they have become, in many respects, a source of great annoyance. The housekeeper, in cooking, the grocer and fruit-dealer, all have them swarming by hundreds, and perhaps thousands, around their premises, rivalling the house fly in troublesome prosperity. A Sacramento coal dealer recently obtained a quantity of coal which had a cask of molasses broken over it. When the coal was brought into the yard the bees collected in such quantities that he spent half a day with a hoe in washing off the coal, in order to remove the temptation. They have partially destroyed the produce of several vineyards near Sacramento; when the grapes were gathered, it was found that the little thieves had extracted the juice. As a matter of course a large number of bees are necessarily destroyed while poaching on the forbidden ground. Is there no remedy for these depredations? asks the Sacramento News. Can bees be kept from annoying everybody but their owners, and at the same time preserve their own lives, or must the evil complained of continue to increase in magnitude?

[The scarcity of flowers is said to be one great cause of the annoyance alluded to above.]

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is no quotable change in Flour; the sales for shipment reaching some 5000 bbls, in lots, at $5,37½@5,50 for standard superfine, $5,75@5,87½ for extras, and $6@6,25 for extra family, including 1500 bbls City Mills extra, mostly Broad street, part private and part at $6,12½, and 500 half bbls part at $6,37½, the pair for extra, and part on terms we could not learn. The sales to the trade have also been moderate, within the same range of prices for superfine, extra and extra family; and $6,50@7 ₰ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality, the market closing quiet. Rye Flour is scarce and selling in a small way only at $5,87½@6 ₰ bbl, the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is very quiet, Penna Meal being generally held at $3 ₰ bbl, which is above the views of buyers.

GRAIN.—There has been rather more demand for Wheat, and sales of about 30,000 bus to note, mostly fair to good and choice Western and Penna reds, taken for shipment, at $1,20@1,35, including some small lots of common and fair Southern do at $1,31@1,35, and white at from $1,40 to 1,55, as in quality, the latter for prime, which is scarce. Rye is held, and, with more offering, sales are making in lots at 75@76c for Penna and North river, and 75c for Southern. Corn comes in slowly, and prices are rather better; sales reach 40,000 bus, mostly new Southern yellow at 63@65c, the latter for prime dry lots in the cars, including some small sales of old Corn at 71@72c. Oats are less active and only 15,000 bus found buyers at 34@35c for Penna and 34c for Delaware, in the cars and in store, chiefly of the former description. Barley and Malt remain very quiet, with sales of the former at 70@71c for common, and 75c for prime New York State.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the hog product generally continues on the advance, and dressed hogs have been selling at $6,75@7,25 the 100 ℔s. Barrelled Meats are better, and 600 bbls mess Pork sold at $17,75@18,50, including firm at latter figure. Beef is steady at $12@14 for city mess. Of Bacon, sales of 300 casks are reported at 9¾@10¼c cts. for sides, 8@8¾c do for shoulders, now generally held higher, and hams at 11½@13c for plain and fancy cured. Green Meats are also more inquired for, and sales of 600 casks are reported, at 7¾@8c for shoulders, 9@9¾c for sides in salt, and 8½@9½c for hams, in salt and pickle. Lard is better, bbls. and tes. are selling at 10½@10¾c, kegs 11¼@11¾c ₰ ℔, but with little offering. Butter continues dull; roll is selling slowly at 13@14c, and packed at 9 @10c ₰ ℔, as in quality. Cheese is quiet at 10@ 12c. Eggs are lower, and quoted at 18c ₰ dozen.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue very light, with sales of some 600 bales to notice, in small lots, at irregular rates, ranging from 9 to 13½c for ordinary to middling and middling fair quality, cash and time.

BARK.—There is a limited inquiry for Quercitron at $35 for first No. 1, and but little offering or selling at that rate, the receipts being very light.

BEESWAX is dull and rather lower, with sales of 4@5000 ℔s to note, mostly at 30c ₰ ℔.

COAL.—There are some orders coming in from the south, but otherwise the market is pretty much at a standstill, without change in quotations.

COFFEE.—The stock is nearly exhausted, and prices steady, with sales and re-sales of some 1500 bags, chiefly Rio, at 11¼@12¾c, including Laguayra in small lots at 13¼@13¾c, and Jamaica at 15c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER rules dull, with a small business only to note in yellow Metal, at 19c, on time.

FEATHERS move off slowly at from 45 to 48c ₰ ℔, as to lots, including 3000 lbs at the lowest figures.

FRUIT.—The sales are limited, at 3@3½c for dried Apples, 5@8c ₰ lb for unpared Peaches, and 10@12c for pared do. Green Apples sell as wanted at $2,50@3, and Cranberries at $9@$12 ₰ bbl, as in quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES.—There has been some little movement in the market, and sales of 2000 Caracas have come under our notice at 19½c on time. Green Hides are selling at very irregular rates, and the market generally is dull.

HOPS.—The demand continues very limited at 28@32c for new crop, Eastern and Western. The stock is light.

IRON.—The market continues almost at a stand still, and without any changes to note.

LEAD is generally held above the views of buyers, and we hear of no sales.

LEATHER.—The market rules very inactive, but without any material change to note, the tendency, however, is downward.

LUMBER.—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales, and quotations are nearly nominal.

MOLASSES.—There is a firm feeling in the market, and small sales of New Orleans are reported at 35@37c, on the usual terms; some holders ask more.

RICE is firm but quiet, with further small sales to note at 3¾@4c ₰ ℔, the latter for prime.

SEEDS.—The demand for Cloverseed having fallen off the market has been unsettled and lower, with sales of 1500 bus to note in lots at from $4,62½ to $5,12½ ₰ bus, mostly 4,75@5 for first hands. Of Timothy the receipts and sales continue limited at $2,25 ₰ bus. Flaxseed is held at $1,45 ₰ bus, with a moderate buying to at any extent. Calcutta Linseed is firmer, without much doing in the way of sales.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are unchanged and the sales limited. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is less active at the close, and prices favor the buyers, with sales of Pennsylvania at 19½c, Western do 19@19½c, the latter for choice pkgs; Drudge 17½c, and bbls at 18c.

SUGARS.—The market has ruled quiet, and only some 400 bbls found buyers at 6@6¾c for New Orleans, and 6@6¼c for Cuba and English Island; some small sales of box Sugar are also reported at 8@9c, as to qual.

TALLOW is quiet, with a moderate business doing in city rendered at 9¾@9½c ₰ ℔, country is quoted at 8½.

TOBACCO.—There is very little movement in the market, and little or no change in prices.

WOOL.—There is more inquiry from manufacturers, and a fair business doing at about previous rates; sales include some 500,000 ℔s fleece and pulled, mostly of the former, exact terms not public, and to be within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1568 head. Prices varying from 7 to 9½c ₰ ℔. 75 Cows were sold at prices ranging from $25 to 50 ₰ head. 6000 Sheep brought from 4 to 5¼c ₰ ℔, gross weight. 2550 Hogs realized from $7 to 8,25 ₰ cwt, net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 19.—FLOUR firm; sales of 9000 bbls at $5,20@5,25 for State; $5,20@5,80 for Ohio, and $5,80@6,10 for Southern. Wheat firm; 12,000 bus sold at 126c for Milwaukee Club. Corn firm; 50,000 bus sold at 70c. Lard dull at 9½@10¼c. Whiskey dull at 18½c.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER MARION.

The steamship Marion, Capt. Atkins, arrived this (Friday) morning from Charleston. She has on board as passengers 4 laborers from Fort Sumpter and 33 free colored persons. As to the condition of the garrison in Fort Sumpter we learn that they are in good spirits, and have a more than plenty of provisions, laborers, have plenty of provisions and a scarcity only of fresh provisions and market truck. The Marion also brings 50 steerage passengers.

There were 23 free negroes on board, whose comfortable circumstances may be inferred from the fact that they had taken cabin passage for the trip. They comprised some 5 families, and their intended destination is said to be Hayti.

Just as the steamer was about to leave the wharf, the list of the colored passengers was closely examined by the authorities and people on shore. It was then ascertained that Mr. Gradaleck, a free colored man, and one of the most experienced pilots of the port of Charleston, was on board, and the rumor immediately gained ground among the people that he had taken his departure north for the purpose of explaining the condition of the harbor to the government, and acquaint them with its navigable points.

The fact having become widely known, the pilot was immediately ordered off from the boat, and conveyed, hands to his chagrin, on shore, where a large crowd congratulated each other on the circumstances. The pilot had his mother, an Indian woman, also on board, who accompanied him.

Four laborers (four) who were employed in Fort Sumpter have also arrived in the Marion. They report that the fort is in excellent condition, and well manned. One of the number stated that when Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie he brought with him the provisions (calculated to last one hundred men four months) which remained there. On Saturday last eight laborers were discharged from Fort Sumpter. Four of them took passage in the Marion.

When the Star of the West arrived, one laborer reports that Major Anderson did not know the character of the vessel, but hearing the discharge of cannon from Morris Island, ordered all the guns to be manned. The Major, it is reported, seemed very undecided on the occasion, not knowing the cause of the cannonade. One of the Lieutenants, then stationed on the western position of the fort, asked leave to open fire on the gunner of Morris Island, but he received from Major Anderson the reply, "No, no, have patience, have patience." The troops in the fort were prepared, it is said, for any emergency, and the excitement which then prevailed there only subsided when the Star of the West was treated seaward. Major Anderson did not reckon on the laborers in the fort at the time to take part in its defence.—*N. Y. Express.*

WHITE GUNPOWDER.—A letter from London says:—"I have heard in the city of a curious invention, which concerns alike sportsman, rifleman, and the scientific. It is the manufacture of 'white' gunpowder. It is made no mystery of, being composed of yellow potassa, chloride of potassium, loaf sugar, crystalized sugar, and brimstone. It possesses superior qualities over the black powder, being quicker and more powerful in its action, and not fouling the gun. For the delicate in the olfactory nerves, it may be added that it is without unpleasant smell. It has just been patented."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D. D., ARCHIBALD RIDDIE, Esq. of Petersburg, Va. to Miss RACHEL J. FERGUSON, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., JOHN L. LE CONTE, M. D. to HELEN S. daughter of the Hon. R. C. Grier.

On Jan. 17, 1861, at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. W. B. Stevens, D. D., JOHN A. MCALLISTER, to ANNETTE C. daughter of the late E. W. Stebbinger, of New York.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. A. Seiss, CHARLES B. STOCKWELL, of New York, to MARY LOUISA, eldest daughter of Louis Grosholz, Esq. of this city.

On the 4th instant, by Friends' ceremony, MR. CHARLES MIDDLETON, to Miss LOUISA WOOLSON, all of Camden, N. J.

On Tuesday morning, Jan. 15th, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, MR. WILLIAM S. JUSTIS, Jr. of Baltimore, to Miss ELIZABETH T. ARNOLD, eldest daughter of Nicholas R. Arnold, Esq. of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Tuckerton, N. J. on 24 day, 1st mo., 14, 1861, of scarlet fever, in her 5th year, CLARA DILWORTH, daughter of Jesse C. and Lydia W. Ridgway.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 15th instant, after a long illness, RICHARD WEST, aged 67 years.

On Thursday evening, 15th instant, NICHOLAS C. WILSON.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ELIZA, widow of the late Ralph McClintock, Esq. in her 68th year.

On Monday, the 14th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Francis F. Smith, in her 74th year.

On Monday, the 14th instant, CECILIA E. wife of Edward P. Borden, in her 33d year.

Suddenly, on the 11th instant, WILLIAM FENIMORE, aged 32 years.

On the 13th instant, after a short illness, SARAH A. FISHER.

On the 12th instant, Capt. CHARLES HINKLE, in his 60th year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARY TAYLOR, wife of Wm. Taylor, in her 28th year.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH L. YARDLEY, wife of Theodore Yardley, in her 35th year.

On the 12th instant, at Wilmington, Del. ELIZABETH SCOTT, wife of Saml. Scott, in her 28th year.

On the 13th instant, LOUISE B. wife of *Jos. S. Silver, Jr.*

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 19, 1861.

Alabama	10 dis.	Missouri	10 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	10 dis.
Connecticut	par to 1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to 1 dis.	New Hampshire	10 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	5 dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	10 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	10 dis.	North Carolina	2 dis.
Indiana	1/4 to 1/2 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	— dis.	Pennsylvania	par to 1/2 dis.
Kentucky	1½ dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	2½ dis.	South Carolina	— dis.
Maine	10 dis.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maryland	2 to 4 dis.	Texas	— dis.
Massachusetts	par.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	2 dis.	Virginia	7 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	10 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the county quotations for Stocks on Saturday last at the Stock Exchange at 12 o'clock:

	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.				
U S 6 pr ct. '67	105			
" 6 " '68	105			
" 6 " '70	105			
" 6 " '71	105			
" 6 " '80	105			
" 6 " coupon '81	105			
Phila 6 pr ct. sterling	105			
" 6 "	105			
" 6 "	105			
Phila 6 pr ct.	105			
Allegh City 6 pr ct.	105			
" 6 "	105			
Penna 5 pr ct.	95			
" 5 "	95			
Penna 6 pr ct.	105			
" 6 " coupon	105			
Kentucky 6 pr ct.	105			
Ohio "	105			
S Carolina 6 pr ct.	105			
Virginia "	95			
Tenn "	95			
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.				
Sch'll Navig 6 pr ct.	50			
" pref. 6 pr ct	65			
" 6 "	61			
Lehigh Nav stock	61			
" 6 pr ct.	95			
" 6 "	95

Wit and Humor.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LECTURE AGAIN?

About two years ago a couple of temperance lecturers (we can name them) had been holding forth, in one of our country towns. Business detaining them rather late after the meeting, they went to a tavern to put up for the night, rather than disturb the family where they had been entertained during their stay. *Now it was a rum tavern where they sought lodgings, said they resolved to get up betimes in the morning, pay their bill, and leave before the folks were generally stirring. Early morning found them at the bar paying up, but they were not alone. A thirsty customer, whom the spirits had wrapped up early, was in the act of taking his "bitters" as they entered, holding his tumbler in one hand, and the decanter in the other; he paused on observing them, when all at once he hiccoughed out, for he was full of the "old drunk."—"Ho d'ye do-o, (hic) gent'men? Gl-a-ad to see ye. Heard ye talk l-last night." Here he lifted his glass, and with a "goo-d he-ll-th, gen'men," drank it off. After smacking his lips, and wiping his mouth with the cuff of his coat, he again addressed our friends. "When t'ye goin' to lecture again, (hic) gent'man; I want to g-oo'n hear ye; had some t-tall talkin' last night, no mistake; make hons-strable 'p-pression on me (hic), been dry ever since." Our friends caved.—Temperance Visitor.*

A SNAKE STORY.

There is the greatest coward about snakes up in Calhoun county, says a Southern exchange, that lives in America. He came from the East, last spring, and bought a farm, and for the first six months in the county he hardly slept two hours a night. He had a fine patch of oats on his farm, but he was afraid to cradle it. One day he concluded he'd take a look to see if there were many snakes in the patch; so he got his old horse, and after leading him through the gap, and laying up the fence to keep the hogs out, he took an old scythe snathe in his hand to fight with in case of an attack, mounted the horse, and struck out into the oats, holding up both legs as high as possible. He hadn't gone far, when he saw a whaling big snake slipping along the oats after him. Away he went, round and round the patch, and away went the snake, right along with him; sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, sometimes behind and sometimes before. He couldn't get out of the lot because the fence was up, and as the snake kept constantly with him, there was no chance but to keep on the old horse, and try to keep out of its way. He went it that way till every stalk of his oats was tramped down, and until the horse was just about dead, when he discovered that he'd been running from the *shadow of his scythe snathe!*

A GOOD JOKE.—A loafer, while stopping at a tavern up country, used to lounge about the bar and drink other people's liquor. Not a glass could be left alone for a moment, but he would slip up, and drink its contents. One day a stage-driver came in, and called for a stiff horn of brandy toddy. John immediately played possum by leaving his brandy while he stepped to the door. The bait took. On returning he saw his glass empty, and exclaimed, with all the diabolical horror he could affect,

"Brandy and opium enough to kill forty men! Who drunk that pizen?"

"I!" stammered the loafer, ready to yield up the ghost with affright.

"Your a dead man!" said the driver.

"What shall I do?" beseeched the other, who thought himself a gone sucker.

"Down with a pint of lamp oil, or you're a dead man in three minutes!" answered the wicked driver. And down went the lamp oil, and up came the brandy and opium, together with his breakfast. The joke was told, and he has never drunk other people's liquor since.

NO MAN.—A wag happening to go into the shop of a tailor just as the latter was in the act of patching an old garment with new cloth, thus addressed the knight of the bodkin:—

"You are no man, and I can prove it by the highest authority."

"How so?" replied the unsuspecting tailor, as he plied his needle with redoubled activity. "I should like to hear the evidence of your assertion."

"You shall be accommodated, sir," says the wag, asking at the same time if he recollected of ever having read the passage in the New Testament which declares that "no man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment."

COMING OUT THE SAME HOLE.—At a protracted meeting held sometime ago, a hymn was given out which contained the words—

"There is no sorrow there."

At the close of the hymn, a brother stood up and shouted in a voice of thunder,

"Yes, brethren, thar's no sorrow in Heaven! And why not? Because, in the words of this beautiful hymn, thar's no sorrer thar."

This brilliant deduction brought out a bystander, who observed,

"That's what I call coming out of the same hole you went in at, friend!"

AN IRISHMAN WILL TAKE COMFORT WHERE AN ENGLISHMAN WILL GROWL.—The English travellers complain that they are so much hurried in our hotels, and so little in our stage coaches. An Irish traveller took a different view of the case. Honest Pat came in at 1 o'clock, and was called up in a half an hour. "And what will ye charge for the lodging?" "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "An sure 'twas kind of ye to call me so airly; if I'd slept until the morning, I'd not had the money to pay the bill!"

A GOOD ONE.—Some years ago the Knickerbocker Magazine used to offer a brass quarter dollar to the person who made a rhyme to the word "window." The following is the "effort" of a successful rhymer:—

"A cruel man a bottle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the bottle to the crowd,
'Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,'
And his soul went out at the window."

FEMALE FREEDOM.—The London Punch, in a late issue, gave the following:—

Bosom Friend.—Well, dear, now that you are a widow, tell me are you any happier for it?

Interesting Widow.—Oh, no! But I have my freedom, and that's a great comfort. Do you know, my dear, I had an onion yesterday for the first time these fourteen years.

MARIA THERESA AND HER CHILDREN.

Maria Theresa was the mother of sixteen children, all born within twenty years. There is every reason to suppose that her naturally warm affection, and her strong sense, would have rendered her, in a private station, an admirable, an exemplary parent; and it was not her fault, but rather her misfortune, that she was placed in a situation where the most sacred duties and feelings of her sex became in some measure secondary. While her numerous family were in their infancy, the Empress was constantly and exclusively occupied in the public duties and cares of her high station; the affairs of Government demanded almost every moment of her time. The Court physician, Von Swietar, waited on her each morning at her levee, and brought her a minute report of the health of the Princes and Princesses. If one of them was indisposed, the mother, laying aside all other cares, immediately hastened to their apartment. They all spoke and wrote Italian with elegance and facility. Her children were brought up with extreme simplicity.—They were not allowed to indulge in personal pride or caprice; their benevolent feelings were cultivated both by precept and example. They were sedulously instructed in the Lives of the Saints, and all the tedious forms of unmeaning devotion, in which, according to the sincere conviction of their mother, all true piety consisted. A high sense of family pride, an unbounded devotion to the House of Austria, and to their mother, the Empress, as the head of that house, was early impressed upon their minds, and became a ruling passion, as well as a principle of conduct with all of them. We have only to glance back upon the history of the last fifty years to see the result of this mode of education. We find that the children of Maria Theresa, transplanted into different countries of Europe, carried with them their national and family prejudices; that some of them, in later years, supplied the defects of their early education, and became remarkable for talent and for virtue; that all of them, even those who were least distinguished and estimable, displayed occasionally both goodness of heart and elevation of character; and that their filial devotion to their mother, and what they considered her interests, was carried to an excess, which in one or two instances proved fatal to themselves.—*Women of Worth.*

SOWING YOUR WILD OATS.

In all the wide range of accepted British maxims, there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, *that*, and, nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long tough roots, like coach-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive—and you, nobody else, will have to reap them, and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day.—*Tom Brown at Oxford.*

HOW TO BREAK ONESELF OF BAD HABITS.—Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind.

Avoid the places, the persons, the thoughts, that lead to the temptation.

Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts, that lead away from the temptation.

Keep busy. Idleness is the strength of bad habits.

Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive.

When you had broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances.

Do not think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day, which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.—We know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly or unwomanly, and craven than the everlasting sighing for "happiness." Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their *Duty*, happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the Universe; the heart and mind are brought (and reverently it is said) in contact with the Creator and Ruler and Father of all—the PERFECT BLISS.

FAMILY ARRANGEMENTS DURING THE RECENT COLD WEATHER.

A HERO.

Miss Pardoe, in a recent work, relates the following interesting anecdote:—At the battle of Montmirail, a young officer, named Durosier, chanced to be in attendance on the Emperor at the moment when it became essential to despatch an order to one of the Generals of Division; and Napoleon, hastily summoning him to his side, gave him instructions to deliver it without delay.

"Spare neither yourself nor horse, sir," he said, sternly; "for there is not a moment to lose, and return at once to report to me that my order has been obeyed."

Durosier galloped off amid a shower of shot and shells, and within a quarter of an hour he was again beside the Emperor. His duty was performed.

"You have behaved well, monsieur," said Napoleon, when he had received his report; "you have a stout heart and a clear head; though you are still only a youngster. I give you a captain's brevet, and attach you to my person. What's your name?"

"Durosier, sire."

"It seems familiar to me. On what occasion have I before heard it."

"I was the colonel of the boy battalion, your majesty."

"Ah, I remember. Well, that is an additional reason why I should attach you to my person."

"It is too late, sire," murmured the young soldier.

"Too late, Captain Durosier, and why?"

"Sire, they have hit me;" and as he spoke, he withdrew a handkerchief saturated with blood from the breast of his coat. "All will soon be over—*Vive l'Emperor! Vive la France!*"

He reeled for an instant in his saddle, and then fell heavily into the arms of an officer who had sprung forward to support him. Timoleon Durosier was a corpse.

"So young!—so young!—and so brave!—and to die on his first battle field!" exclaimed the Emperor, as he bent down, for an instant, over the body. "Poor boy! Poor boy!"

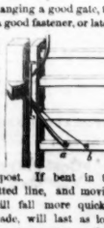
Then setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off, as if unable to linger over so sad a spectacle.

CHEAP PLEASURES.—If you would know one of the minor secrets of happiness, it is this: cultivate cheap pleasures. Good taste is not the ruinous thing it has been supposed to be; but bad taste is always expensive. For instance, did you notice our breakfast-ware? Almost without ornament, and of common earthen ware, yet you could not but have remarked, if you noticed it at all, that the forms were good; they were, indeed, copied from classical models. And the set cost me about fifteen shillings.—*What You Will.*

Agricultural.

GATE FASTENER.

After making and hanging a good gate, the next thing is to have a good fastener, or latch, for it. This cut represents an excellent and cheap gate-latch, made by bending a half-inch rod of iron into the shape indicated, and fastening it by an iron pin on which it moves at *a*. Its weight causes it to fall against the post. If bent in the direction of the dotted line, and moving on a pin at *b*, it will fall more quickly. This latch, if well made, will last as long as the gate; and if the gate sags two or three inches, it is not thrown out of place. A self-shutting gate should always be a self-fastener—otherwise careless persons will leave it unlatched although closed, to be thrust open by unruly animals, or blown open by wind.



LOOK TO THE CHEST OF ANIMALS.—A late writer says that a wide, deep chest, in all animals, is an indication of robust constitution, and is, no doubt, the point of shape to which breeders should look when selecting either males or females. It is not enough that a bull or cow should show a wide, full breast in front, but the width should extend back along the long brisket, and show itself just under and between the elbows. Fullness through the region of the heart is indispensable in either sex.

TIGHT BARNS.

We see that some writers are still recommending tight barns for cattle and for hay, notwithstanding all the calamities that have come on inexperienced people, who thought they had commenced a new era in farming by making very tight barns. There can be no doubt that this was was the chief cause of the spread of the fever here.

Mr. Chenery should at once have given his new Holland cattle as much air as possible when he found them drooping with disease—with fever.

The practice of keeping people shut up close, in a fever, has long been antiquated—and good doctors now give them air.

Barns need not be double boarded, for the hay mows may be made on the north side, and so cut in the winter as to leave the north side of the mow till the last—till the coldest of the weather is past.

Barns that are single boarded, in a proper manner, are warm enough for any cattle, in case the hay-mows are on the north side, or in the cold corner. By double boarding we make the air too close for cattle—and we make it too close to keep hay. It is apt to be musty when it lies close to a side boarded very close. And though a more thorough drying may mend the matter a little, yet all farmers agree that hay is injured by being dried too much.

If we must give our hay two hours more sunning in consequence of tight boarding, we must often be forced to expose it out over another night, and run the risk of the weather for three days instead of two—besides, we may have all the labor of opening the hay again—that it may not mould in a tight haymow.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

WARMTH OF HORSES' FEET.

Amongst horsemen a difference of opinion exists as to what is the proper and healthy degree of heat in a horse's foot whilst standing in the stable. Whilst one party hold the hoof should feel cool to the hand, another party insists that, in perfect health, the horse's hoof should feel as warm as his body. My experience has been that horses with thin soles, corns, circled hoofs, or other incipient tendency to contract, (contraction being invariably the result of fever, and consequent heat more or less,) such horses have had warm feet, generally, whilst standing in the stable. And I confess I have ever looked with suspicion on the lasting soundness of a hoof which usually felt warm to the hand whilst standing at rest in the stable. The feet of horses remain hot some time after work, caused by rapidity with which the blood during exercise has been propelled through the blood-vessels. After a few hours' rest the circulation decreases in rapidity, indicated by the pulse assuming its natural beat, viz., 35 per minute when sound feet become cool. The extremities, the feet being the points farthest removed from the heart, (the great pump by means of which the blood is propelled throughout the animal system,) always in a state of health remain cold during periods of quietude.

INFLUENCE OF COLD ON SEEDS.—Some experiments have been made this year by Elfe Wartman, of Geneva, Switzerland, on the influence of extreme cold upon the seeds of plants. Nine varieties of seeds, some of them tropical, were selected. They were placed in hermetically sealed tubes, and submitted to a cold as severe as science can produce. Some fifteen days they remained in a mixture of snow and salt; some were plunged into a bath of liquid sulphuric acid, rendered extremely cold by artificial means. On the 5th of April they were all sown in pots, and placed in the open air. They all germinated, and these which had undergone the rigors of frigidity produced plants as robust as those which had not been submitted to the test.

CORN.—We have heard some complaints that corn does not dry well this year, in consequence probably of the effects of early frosts. The New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture says:—"Some of our farmers have placed a stove in their corn houses, and by keeping up a good fire, they have very much hastened the process, and prevented further injury."

SHELL LIME.—Shell lime is very superior to stone lime for agricultural purposes, as it contains considerable phosphorus. Wherever it can be obtained, it should always be preferred by farmers.

PUTRIDITY OF WELLS.

We had a well of beautiful water, says the Connecticut Homestead, soft and cool, which all at once began to taste and smell as if the dead body of some animal were undergoing the process of decomposition in it. We gave it a thorough examination by the aid of a looking-glass, but could discover nothing. We descended to the water, but found no animal or vegetable matter in a putrid condition, and we were forced to the conclusion that the water was of itself putrid. Having reached this conclusion, we set our wits to work to devise a remedy; we remembered that only still water became so. We thought the reason of the continued purity of the latter must be because of its continued agitation, bringing all its particles continually in contact with the atmospheric air when it absorbed the oxygen to the necessary degree for re-invigoration of any property lost in sustaining its teeming infinitesimal life. Upon this fact we based our action and remedy. We hired a man to work thoroughly the chain pump in the well, working with all his might for two hours, during which time he scarcely diminished the depth of the water. It was not longer than twenty-four hours before the water was as sweet and good as ever. We believe that it was the thorough agitation of the water by pumping, extending to the very bottom of the well, that effected the cure.

Again, we now have a cistern filled with rain water from the roof, which passes through a filter in reaching the cistern. A week ago the water in the cistern became putrid, tasting and smelling, we can't tell how bad. We remembered the experiment with the well, and the supposed reason of its cure; so we procured a long pole, and thoroughly stirred it up, agitating the water as much as possible, perhaps working at the job fifteen minutes. In twenty-four hours the water was sweet and wholesome again.

Useful Receipts.

FOR CITY READERS—HOW TO DISCOVER THE ADULTERATION OF BREAD.—Slice the loaf very thin, afterwards break it, though not very small, and put it, with plenty of water, into a large earthen pan or pipkin; place it over a gentle fire, and keep it a long time moderately hot; pour out the bread, which will be reduced to a pap, and the bones, ashes, alum, or whatever adulteration may exist, will be found at the bottom. This is a very simple process, and may be very safely tried. But when you have a cucurbite, the following is a more certain and scientific method:—Cut your bread as before directed, and put it into a glass cucurbite, with a great deal of water; place it in a sand furnace, taking care not to shake it; let it stand twenty-four hours in a moderate heat; in this time the bread will be softened, and the ingredients separated from it—the alum will be dissolved with water, and may be extracted from it; if jalap has been used, it will form a coarse film at the top, while the more heavy ingredients will sink to the bottom.

CALF'S FEET JELLY.—Wash and prepare one set of feet, place them in four quarts of water, and let them simmer gently five hours. At the expiration of this time, take them out, and pour the liquid into a vessel to cool. When cold, remove every particle of fat, replace the jelly into the preserving kettle, and add one pound of loaf sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons; when the sugar has dissolved, beat two eggs, with their shells, in one gill of water, which pour into the bottle, and boil five minutes, or until perfectly clear; then add one gill of Madeira wine, and strain through a flannel bag into any form you like.

PLUM-PUDDING.—In order to make an excellent pudding for a New Year's party, you need only follow these directions:—Take half a pound of raisins and stone them, then wash and dry half a pound of currants. The other ingredients consist of a quarter of a pound of mixed candied peels cut in slices, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of pounded cinnamon, the grating of two lemons, the juice of one, a quarter of a tablespoonful of salt, one pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of moist sugar, seven eggs, yolks and whites, three-quarters of a pound of beef suet chopped very fine. The yolks and whites of the eggs should be thoroughly beaten up. When none of the egg clings to the fork, you may be sure it is sufficiently beaten up. Pour the beaten-up eggs into the pan in which you intend mixing the pudding; then add your spice, salt, and peels; then the sugar, raisins, and currants; then the bread-crumbs. Work all the ingredients together for four or five minutes, with half a pint of new milk. Butter the pudding basin, pour in the pudding. Tie a clean cloth over it. Put it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for four hours.—*English Paper.*

TAKE CARE OF THE UMBRELLAS.—There is, perhaps, no article more abused or less deserving it than the umbrella. By a bad custom it has been voted out of protection as property, every man being at liberty to help himself wherever he can find one—provided, of course, he be not above the meanness. It bears the brunt of the storm, and is shrivelled by the scorching sun; is counted a nuisance in the house while wet, and from neglect speedily falls a victim to hard usage. Hear a word in its behalf. After use in a storm, place it with the *handle downward*, in a stand with a tub or dish attached to catch the drip. If you have no stand, nail together a shallow box of planed boards, with four uprights at the corners, and a few wires at proper distances passing around the uprights to form the frame. It will save many a puddle in the house, and many a storm from the neat housekeeper. If set with the handle upward, the water gathers around the joints at the top, rusts the wires, and this speedily rots the cloth. As soon as all the water has ceased to drip, the umbrella should be opened out, and set in an unoccupied room to dry. The observance of these precautions will prolong its usefulness at least one half.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 6, 13, 11, 29, is one of the United States.
My 7, 9, 25, 35, 9, is a county in Kentucky.
My 34, 2, 16, 20, is a town in Illinois.
My 23, 7, 30, 34, 27, 9, 31, is a river in Missouri.
My 8, 33, 5, 10, 19, is a lake in South America.
My 26, 7, 4, 17, 15, 9, is a county in New York.
My 34, 11, 1, 37, 36, 21, 7, 30, 12, is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 18, 9, 12, 32, is a peak of North America.
My 28, 3, 4, 11, 9, 18, 25, 26, is one of the United States.
My 26, 35, 22, 17, 6, 9, is a city in the Eastern States.
My 28, 20, 16, 20, 9, is a lake of North America.
My 19, 36, 11, 18, 31, 35, is a river emptying in the Ohio.
My whole is what you can and should do.

Portsmouth, Ohio. CHAS. W. LARGE.

TOWNS IN ENGLAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

A vowel small, an animal, to cross a stream or brook.
Employment, and what children have for breakfast now and then.
An article in building used, a steep ascent, just look.
A sanguinary struggle known to military men.
An instrument that farmers use for cultivating land.
A kind of box, a sinful act, a piece of grass enclosed.
What huntsmen carry to the chase, a building really grand.
That which we ever wish to be, a strong spirit transposed.

CHARADE.

My first is done by wicked men, or folks of low condition;
My second is a simple word, and called a preposition;
My whole is a bird: when winter comes to make your fingers smart,
Will plead for food, and not in vain, if you're a tender heart. J. G. W. P.

CHARADE.

My first is a male bird; my second is a fish; and my whole is a despised insect. E. H.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman brought home a basket of apples, and divided them among his sons as follows: to the first he gave one half of the apples in the basket and one half an apple; to the second he gave half the remaining apples in the basket and one half an apple; to the third he gave one half of the yet remaining apples in it and one half an apple, and there was an apple and a half left in the basket. How many apples were there at first in the basket, and how many did each son receive? J. K. SMITH.

Turin, Seline Co., Ark.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A heavy, straight rod, whose length is 32 inches, rests with one end against a smooth, vertical wall, and upon a smooth plane curve. Required—the nature of the *curve*, so that the rod may be in *equilibrium* in every position?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of seven numbers, which are in geometrical progression, is 127, and the sum of their squares is 5461. Required—the numbers?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ "My love," said Boyle, to his wife, "why is a Laplander like an umbrella-maker? D'ye give it up? 'Cause he derives his support from the reindeer (*rain, dear?*"

☞ Why is a man that marries twice like the captain of a ship? Ans.—Because he has a second mate.

☞ Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer? Ans.—Because it makes the corn grow.

☞ Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight? Ans.—Because he is a simple-ton.

☞ Why is the heel of your boot partisan in its character? Ans.—Because it's bound to run down one side or the other.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it. CHARADE—Battledore and shuttlecock. CHARADE—Toad-stool. CHARADE—Waist-coat. DIVISION PROBLEM—A, 42 yards, at 9 cents a yard. B, 36 yards, at 10 cents a yard. C, 22 yards, at 11 cents a yard.

Answer to W. K. Goudy's PROBLEM, published November 10th.—391534 revolutions. By Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa., who also sends the answer to his PROBLEM, published November 17th. The dog ran 672.0153 rods to catch the hare. The curve he described is called *curve of* pursuit.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published December 8th.—210 acres. Length of one side, 300 perches; the other side, 280 perches; perpendicular, 294 perches. By Henry E. Strode, Fredericksburg, Va., and T. Loury, De Kalb Co., Ind.

Answer to D. D.'s ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM, published same date.—

A's land,	13	acres	32	perches.
B's	"	26	"	64	"
C's	"	39	"	96	"
D's	"	52	"	128	"
E's	"	66	"	00	"
		198			

By O. P. Waldo, Toiland, Ct., and H. E. Strode.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, published December 22nd.—33,3254 bricks. By Wm. Aber, Jr., Canisteo, Steuben Co., N. Y., and "Huntsville."

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM, by T. L. M., December 15th.—44 dimes, 91 half dimes; total, 8.95.

Answer to PROBLEM, by P. Barton, same date.—The required number is 743337.